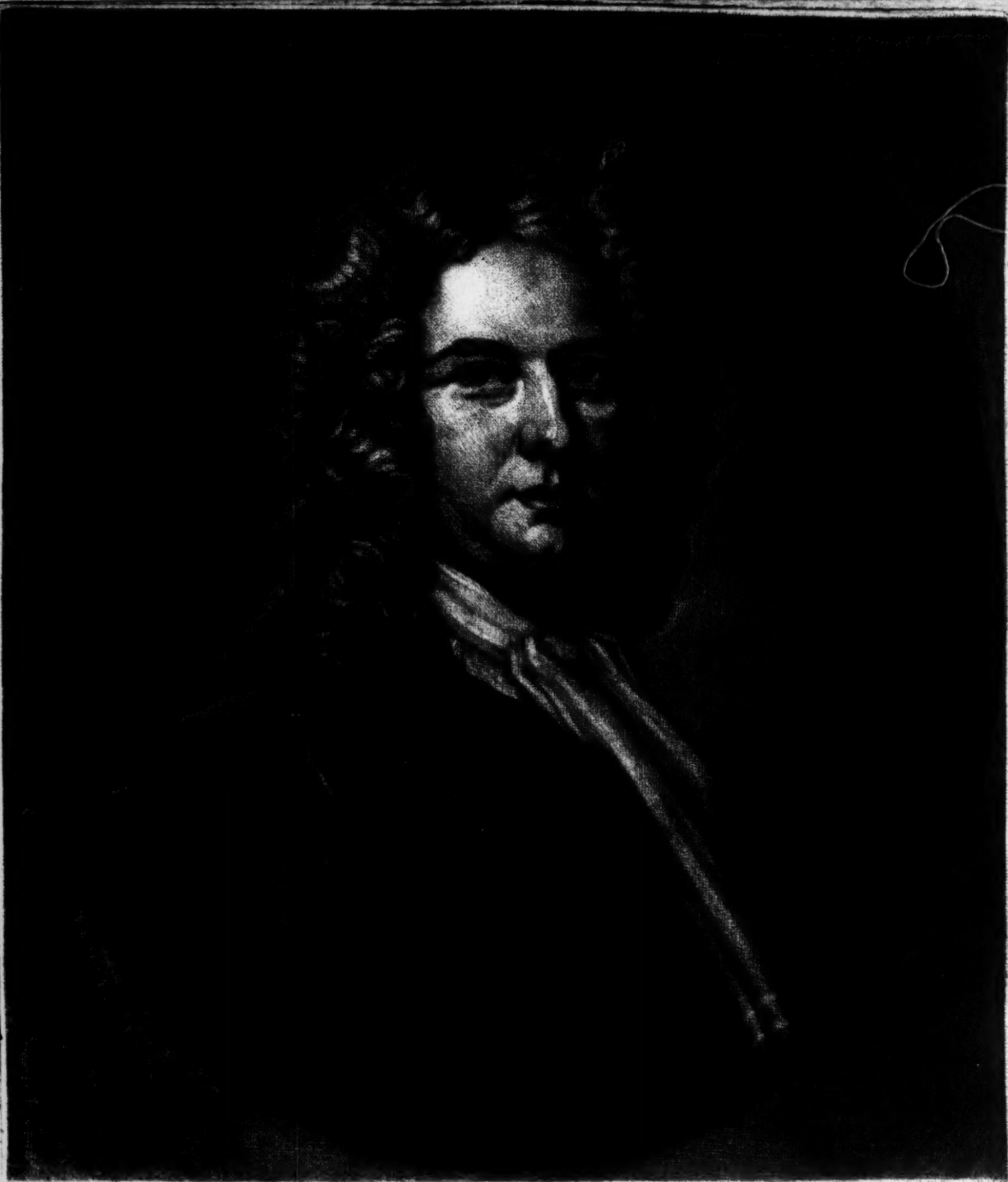
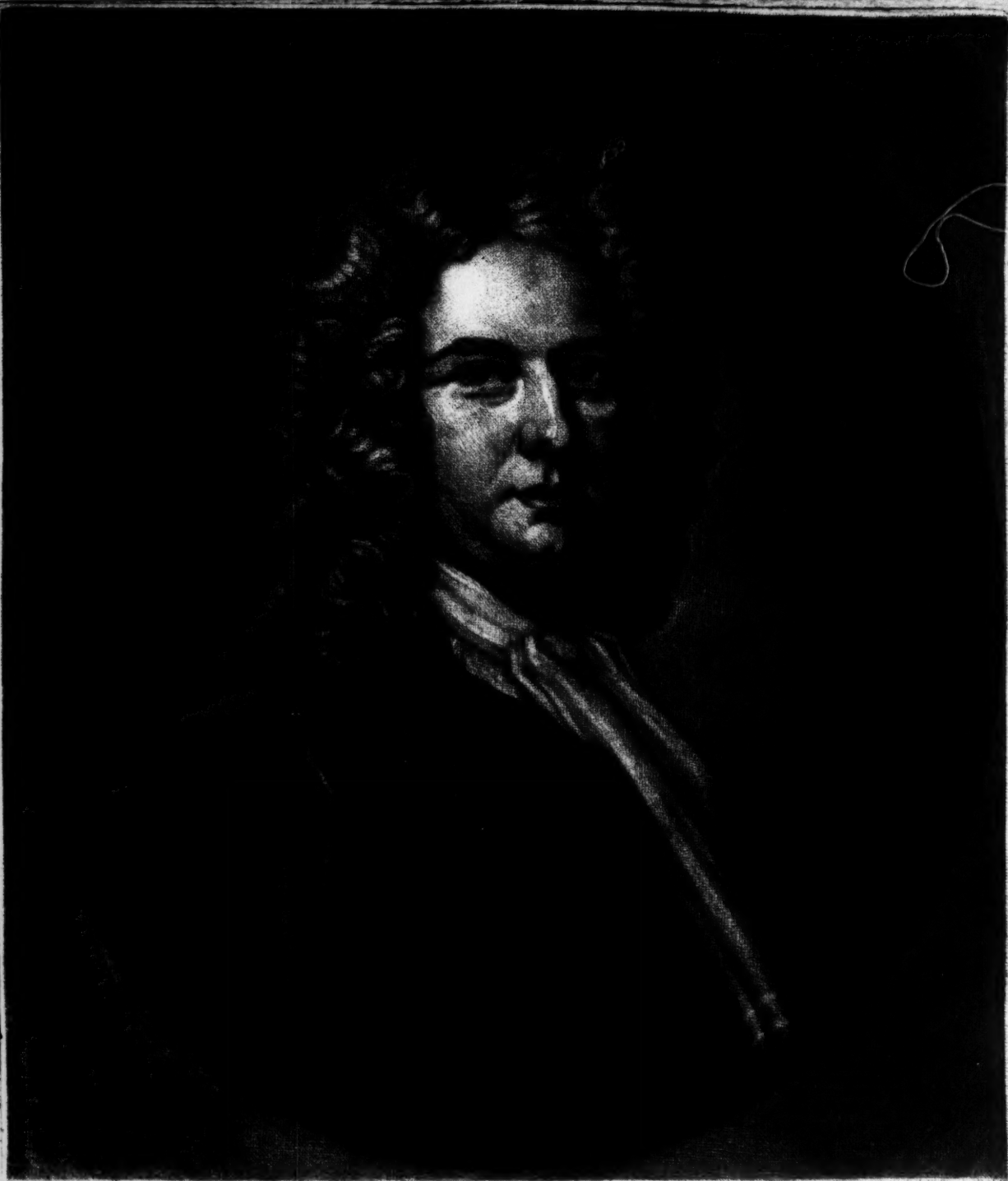




J. Worsdale pinx.

J. Faber Fecit 1729

Harry Carey.



J. Worsdale pinx.

J. Faber Fecit 1729

Harry Carey.

P O E M S

ON SEVERAL

OCCASIONS.

By *H. CAREY.*

The Third EDITION, much enlarged.



L O N D O N:

Printed by E. SAY, MDCCXXIX.

THE NATIONAL ANTHROPOLOGICAL ARCHIVES

OF THE SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION

WASHINGTON, D. C.

BY J. C. R. H. S.



4/2



To the Right Honourable

D O R O T H Y
Countess of *Burlington*.

M A D A M,

I H A D not presumed to lay
these Trifles at your Ladyship's
Feet, but from an Assurance
that my Presumption (Great
as it is) stands infinitely exceeded by
your Goodness.

B 2

CON-

DEDICATION.

CONSCIOUS of my own Imperfections, I humbly crave leave, under the happy Sanction of Lady BURLINGTON's Name, to shelter an unprotected Muse; nor dare I hope for Applause, sufficient is it if You forgive.

YOUR many Excellencies, equally diffusive as exemplary, render you not only an Ornament to your Sex and Nation, but a shining Pattern to Posterity: And, were it in the power of Language, it would be needless to express that Greatness of Soul your Actions (in a more convincing manner) daily demonstrate.

THIS Dedication is a Manifestation of my Ambition; were my Merit but equal, I could with Pleasure
devote

D E D I C A T I O N.

devote the Residue of my Life to produce something worthy so Illustrious a Patroness ;

Who am,

(With the utmost Submission and Respect)

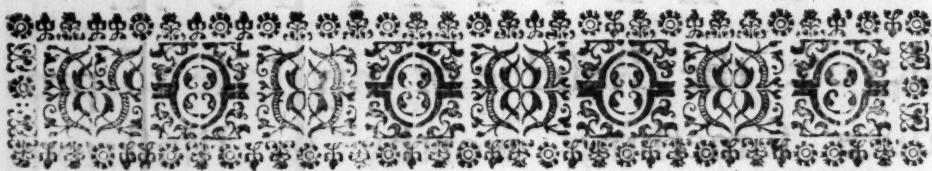
M A D A M !

Your most Dutiful,

Most Obedient,

Humble Servant,

H. C A R E Y.



T H E
P R E F A C E.



SOME of the following Pieces having the Good fortune to please several of my Friends, they importun'd I would either give them Copies, or commit my Performances to the Press: But having already irrecoverably lost more than double the Bulk of this Volume, in lending my original Manuscripts, and Business denying me leisure to make Copies; I chose to comply with the latter Request; more from a desire of gratifying my Friends, whose Goodness made Merit of my Endeavours to please, than from any Ostentations or self-interested Views of my own: For indeed I rather expected to be at some Expence my self, than to meet with so generous a Subscription, which thus amply o'erpays and adorns my Labours.

*Another motive was, that some of these Offsprings of my Brain wandering, forlorn, and anonymously were either adopted by, or assigned to other Fathers; and that some
good*

P R E F A C E.

good natur'd People (I thank 'em for it) imagin'd 'em, homely as they are, too good to be mine. I therefore thought my self obliged to take 'em home, and own 'em; tho' I am afraid, I have but too much reason to be aſham'd of them: However, as my Friends have thought 'em worthy notice, it will be arraigning their Judgment, and abuſing their Generoſity, to depreciate what they have condeſcended to countenance; it being in my opinion equally impertinent, by a feign'd Humility to apologize for what the Publick has thought fit to approve; as, by a ſelf-ſufficient Obſtinacy to contend with the General Diſlike. All I can plead in my own Excuse, is the natural Fondneſs of Authors for their own Productions. I muſt indeed confeſs my ſelf guilty of a deſire to ſee mine transfer'd from a Calf's Head to a Calf's Skin, and ambitious once to call my ſelf Author of a Volume.

I likewiſe humbly beg leave to repreſent, that Poetry being my Amuſement, not my Profeſſion, the following Pieces appear in a much worſe Light than otherwiſe they would, were I leſs taken up with Buſineſs.

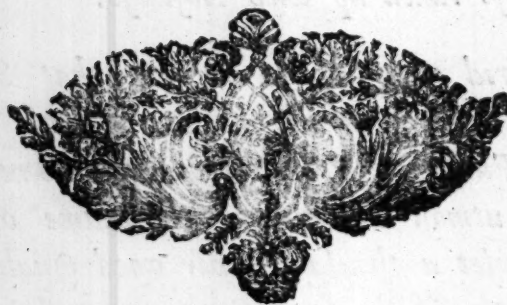
I have prepared my ſelf to receive that Shower of Deriſion which Sneerers generally beſtow on thoſe who offer any thing to the Publick; (Poets eſpecially) who now-a-days are held in the utmoſt Contempt; the Name of a Poet being able to overſet a thouſand other good Qualities, and render a Perſon the Jeſt of a Company, who otherwiſe might claim their Eſteem: Nay, ſo hateful is it grown, that,

P R E F A C E.

that, let a Man be never so sober, able, or diligent in his Business, the being thought a POET shall render him suspected, and (with prejudic'd and unthinking People) be of no small detriment to his Character.

It is no doubt expected, that (according to custom) I have one sting at the Criticks; but as a Sneerer claims my utmost Scorn and Abhorrence, so a true Critick has the highest places in my esteem, for next the Merit of writing well is that of judging so. Instead therefore of defying the Criticks, I court their Correction; and shall own a Fault, with as much pleasure as many would conceal it: Nor can any judicious Person oblige me more, than to honour me with an account of what they dislike, and why; whereby I may be enabled to avoid the like Errors in my future Productions.

To conclude. If it be my good fortune to please, the highest of my hopes are answer'd; if I am censur'd, I shall not complain, but conclude I deserve it.





A

L I S T

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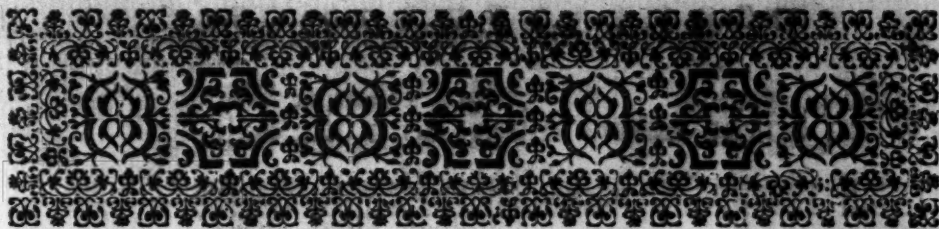
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E R R A T A.

Page 62. Line 3. for *so fast* read *full fast*. Ditto Line 4. for *that she* read *and she* — Page 78. Line 7. for *And if* read *But if* — Page 141. Line 3. for *my Daddy* read *my Guardian* — Page 222. Line 2. for *Bouncing* read *Fisky* — Page 151. Line 7. for *were* read *where* — In the Preface, for *Ostentations* read *Ostentatious*. — Excuse is desired for what other Mistakes have escap'd Notice.



T H E
Marriage of B A C C H U S.
Being part of the STORY of
T H E S E U S and A R I A D N E.
Imitated from OVID.

The ARGUMENT.

T H E S E U S, sentenc'd to be devour'd by the Minotaure, is preserv'd by A R I A D N E, Daughter of Minos, King of Crete; who, for Love of T H E S E U S, and Fear of her Father's Fury, flies by Night with T H E S E U S to Naxos; where he treacherously leaves her, and retires with her Sister P H A E D R A to his Father's Court at Athens.

The following Poem leaves Part of the Story to be understood, and begins at the Day-break after their Flight from Crete, and their first Sight of Naxos.



T length the joyous Morning's welcome Light
Began to shoot through that propitious Night,
Which veil'd the Heav'n, and screen'd their conscious
Flight.

B

When

2 POEMS on several Occasions.

When bright *Aurora* issued from the East,
In all her gaudy Robes of Day-light drest;
And, in an Instant, open'd to their View
The finest Landscape Nature ever drew :
'Twas plenteous *Naxos*, the belov'd Abode
Of Wine's most Potent, most Luxuriant God :
Which scarce beheld, but leaping from the Main,
(As it were glad to rest itself again)
The Ship cut swiftly thro' the yielding Sand,
And lodg'd its Burthen on the wish'd-for Land.

THE N Safety smil'd in ev'ry gladsome Face ;
They blest themselves, and hail'd the happy Place.
For, why ! -----

The dire Revenge of *Minos*, most severe,
Had fill'd their guilty Souls with so much Fear,
They had despair'd to wish, much more to meet,
With so secure, and such a sweet Retreat.

AMID

AMID the gloomy Horrors of the Deep,
 What Soul, tho' most fatigu'd, could think of Sleep?
 There was no Rest; but *Naxos* can supply
 Those Blessings which the boist'rous Seas deny.
 The swelling Vines here bow themselves in Haste,
 And Grapes in Purple Clusters court the Taste:
 Promiscuously around, of ev'ry Kind,
 A wild Desert of rip'ning Fruits they find:
 They're Nature's Guests, nor can they wish for more,
 When she so freely lavishes her Store.
 Through plenteous Wilds of gay Confusion led,
 With easy Steps they gain a Fountain's Head,
 Whose Streams of liquid Chrystal swiftly roll
 Around the Margin of the verdant Bowl,
 While, on each Side, the spreading Beeches seem
 To kiss the Clouds, and shade the glitt'ring Stream.

4 *P O E M S on several Occasions.*

T H U S, ev'n beyond their Expectation blest,
'Tis here they gladly lay 'em down to rest;
On flow'ry Pillows, and on verdant Beds,
While quiv'ring Branches rustle o'er their Heads :
And close beneath, the gently murm'ring Streams
Charm them to softest Slumbers, sweetest Dreams.

B U T, ah ! while beauteous A R I A D N E sleeps,
Thoughtless of Ill, the faithless T H E S E U S keeps
A treach'rous Watch, and real Slumber feigns,
Tho' waking Falshood in his Bosom reigns :
For soon as he perceives her killing Eyes,
Securely veil'd, he gently does arise,
And, with the slowest Motion, lightly moves,
To find the Maid whom he unjustly loves.

THIS

POEMS on several Occasions.

5

THIS done, with hasty Joy, the guilty Pair
Fly to the Ship, while with officious Care
All Hands do for their instant Flight prepare.
Propitious Winds soon fill their swelling Sails,
The Sable Streamers sport with friendly Gales,
The well-steer'd Rudder ploughs the wat'ry Plain,
Swifter than Thought, they fly along the Main;
And soon the distant Shore of *Athens* gain.

WHILE ARIADNE, lull'd to peaceful Dreams,
Like some bright Angel in a Slumber seems :
Upon a Pillow, which the Earth had made
Of rising Turf, her Head was gently laid :
The blushing Roses stoop'd on either Side,
And strove to kiss her Cheeks with eager Pride :
But, ah ! they droop'd, and pale with Envy grew,
To see in them a more Vermilion Hue.

The

6 POEMS on several Occasions.

The Lillies, that on either Side did grow,
And in their Whiteness rival'd whitest Snow,
Clos'd their fair Heads, within their Folds retir'd;
And, vanquish'd by her whiter Skin, expir'd.

MEAN time, great BACCHUS, with his jovial Train,
In savage Triumph came along the Plain;
A spotted Panther, drunk with Lees of Wine,
Reeling and foaming, drew the Carr divine:
A Crowd of *Bacchæ* ran on either Side,
Their bloated Cheeks with Juice of Elders dy'd;
As many laughing Satyrs, Row by Row,
With wanton Motion skipping to and fro:
While old *Silenus*, jogging in the Rear,
Did, slowly creeping, on an Ass appear.

IT chanc'd at last, that BACCHUS bent his Way
Unto the Place where ARIADNE lay:

But

But (Heav'ns!) with how much Wonder did he gaze!
His Train stood still, and all were in Amaze,
To see that unfrequented, lonely Place,
Blest with so sweet a Form, and so divine a Face.

THE God was fixt, as rooted to the Ground;
No Motion in his greedy Eyes was found:
He gaz'd, as tho' he would exhaust his Sight;
And seem'd all fill'd with Rapture and Delight:
The wanton Satyrs peep'd, and smil'd, and skipt,
Around the Fair a thousand times they tript;
Yet cautious, lest they should the Nymph affright,
They talk'd in Whispers, and their Steps were light.

At last the God drew nigh, and gently laid
His sacred Body near the sleeping Maid:
While she (in Dreams) not knowing he was there,
Embrac'd him, call'd him THESEUS, and her dear:
She

8 P O E M S *on several Occasions.*

She press'd his Hand, and to augment his Bliss,
 She, (slumb'ring) met his Face, and stole a Kiss.
 Great BACCHUS, ravish'd with the balmy Taste,
 With too, too eager Joy, the Nymph embrac'd;
 Who, starting from his Arms, began to wake,
 And, gazing, found too late the sad Mistake.
 She shriek'd, and leaping from the grassy Bed,
 She tore the golden Tresses from her Head:
 Aloud she call'd for THESEUS: But, alas!
 He, like a faithless Wretch, had left the Place:
 She beat her Breasts, and wept; but all in vain,
 THESEUS was gone ne'er to return again.

Now here, now there, she flies with wild Despair;
 Her Locks dishevel'd streaming in the Air;
 She seeks the Shore, and finds the Vessel gone;
 And then, (O heavens!) with what excessive Moan

She

She fill'd the Place ! Within the briny Sea
 She would have plung'd, but, ah ! that might not be ;
 She was prevented by the God of Wine,
 Who, full of Pity, us'd his Pow'r divine,
 To calm her stormy Soul, to ease her Pain,
 And place her Reason in its Throne again :
 But, Deaf to all the pleading Pow'r could say,
 She stopt her Ears, and would have forc'd away.
 'Tis thou, said she, (with Fury in her Eyes)
 Hast made my dear lov'd Lord a Sacrifice !
 Canst thou not kill me too, that I may go
 And seek him in the peaceful Shades below ?

THE God, with Patience, heard the frantick Fair,
 With Pity, saw her Anguish and Despair ;
 He told her THESEUS' Falshood, and the Maid
 Who had her Lover from her Arms betray'd :

10 POEMS *on several Occasions.*

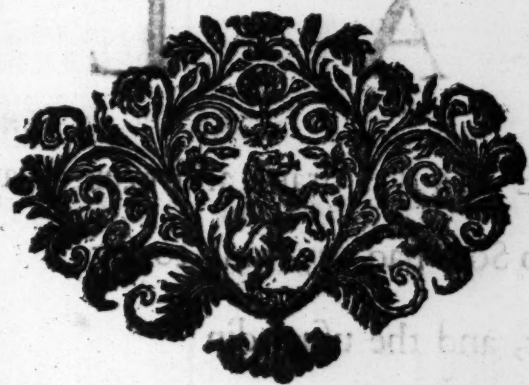
Scarce had she heard, when lo! her Spirits fail,
Convulsive Throws her tortur'd Soul assail;
BACCHUS, in pity, takes her to his Arms,
And, by his Pow'r, recall'd her pristine Charms:
He told her of his Passion, and his Truth,
His Pow'r divine, his never-dying Youth;
He let her know the Falshood of Mankind,
And of the Pleasure she would daily find
Within his Arms; He told her she would reign
O'er Him, his Island, and o'er all his Train:
He knelt, he begg'd, he would not be deny'd;
She blush'd and smil'd, and with a Sigh reply'd,
Farewell, false THESEUS! BACCHUS now shall prove
The only Object of my constant Love.

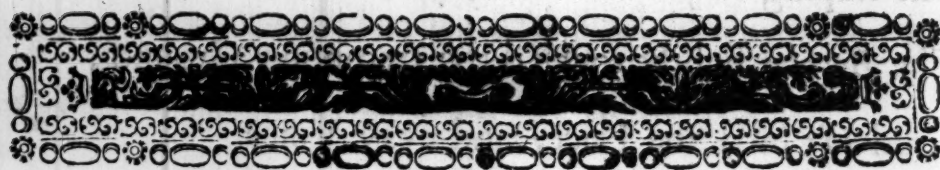
THE God stood ravish'd at her matchless Charms,
He clasp'd the yielding Fair One in his Arms:

The

POEMS on several Occasions. II

The leaping Satyrs did with Joy rebound,
The *Bacchæ* lightly touch'd the trembling Ground;
Loud *Io's* fill'd the Place, and ev'ry Voice
Was heard in gladsome Transports to rejoice;
Ev'n Nature's self look'd more sublimely gay,
To solemnize great BACCHUS' Nuptial Day.





B L U N D R E L L A :

OR, THE

I M P E R T I N E N T.

A

T A L E.



THE Tea was drank and ta'en away,

No Soul had any thing to say ;

The Weather, and the usual din

Were going to begin again ;

Fashion and Scandal, drain'd before,

On Carpet had been brought once more,

But

POEMS *on several Occasions.* 13

BUT for BLUNDRELLA, common Pest,
Of the Polite, the standing Jest.

BLUNDRELLA Idol of the Vain,
And first in the Loquacious Train;
In all things ignorant and weak,
Yet on all Subjects would she speak;
And of her own Perfections vaunted,
Still daunting all, but never daunted;
Of a most contradicting Spirit,
And envious of another's Merit:
This Creature thus, with saucy Air,
Address'd BELINDA, blooming Fair.

MADAM, I'm told you sing, I long
To have the honour of a Song:
Much better bred than to refuse,
BELINDA pleads the old Excuse;

She's

14 *P O E M S on several Occasions.*

She's caught a Cold, and feigns a Cough,
But that, alas! won't bring her off;
BLUNDRELLA urges the Request,
Now seconded by all the rest.

At length, unwilling to appear
Affected, peevish, or severe,
The lovely Virgin tun'd her Voice,
More out of Complaisance than Choice :
While all were with her Musick pleas'd,
But she who had the Charmer teaz'd ;
Who, rude, unmanner'd, and abrupt !
Did thus BELINDA interrupt :

MADAM, (said the affected Thing)
Did you ne'er hear SQUALLINDA sing ?
I've heard her sing that very Song,
Would charm the whole Seraphic Throng ;

of

POEMS on several Occasions. 15

Of all the Singers her for me,
She sings so sweet, so clear, so free!
But, Madam! can't you sing another?
That Song, I hope, has got a Brother:
Let us have that which the *Faustina*
Sings when she hangs on *Senisino*;
Its Name I have forgot, no matter,
'Tis that which makes the Boxes clatter:
Or, Madam! but I beg your Pardon,
There is a Song, that in the Garden
Cuzzoni sings unto her Son;
That, or another, 'tis all one.

BELINDA blush'd with Shame and Rage;
But yet, unwilling to engage
So bold a Foe in such a Fray,
She let the Creature have her Way:

And

16 POEMS on several Occasions.

And, tho' at sight she sung her Part,
And was a Mistress in the Art,
Pleaded her want of Voice and Skill;
Which made BLUNDRELLA prouder still,
Who grew insufferably vain,
And alter'd both her Voice and Strain.

SHE talk'd of Singers and Composers,
Of their Admirers and Opposers,
Of the *Cuzzoni* and *Faustini*,
Of *Handel* and of *Bononcini*;
One was too rough, t'other too smooth,
Attilio only hit her Tooth;
And *Tamo Tanto* was a Song
Would give her Pleasure all day long.

FULL loftily she gave her Vote,
This had no Voice, and that no Throat;

That

POEMS on several Occasions: 17

Heideigger had receiv'd a Letter,
And we should shortly have a better :
A Messenger was sent to *Dover*
To wait the Lady's coming over,
Who should no sooner hither come,
But she would strike all others dumb.

SHE likewise grew exceeding witty
Upon the *Conforts* in the City ;
'Tis true, she lik'd the *Castle* best,
But yet she made 'em both a Jest :
Nor did she much admire the *Crown*,
But as 'twas t'other End o' the Town.

SHE next, of *Masters* 'gan to preach ;
The *English* were not fit to teach,
Italians were the only Men,
And ev'n of those not one in ten ;

18 POEMS *on several Occasions.*

For she had heard a Lady say,
Scarce two in Town could sing or play.

WHAT with Composers, Players, Singers,
Performance, Gusto, Voices, Fingers,
She ran herself quite out of breath,
And talk'd the Company to death.

WHEN haply, with engaging Air,
EUGENIO, darling of the Fair,
Who touches charmingly the Flute,
Enter'd, and struck BLUNDRELLA mute;
And kept her Clack-eternal under
For near a Minute, There's a wonder !
EUGENIO must expect his Share;
For scarce had he assum'd a Chair,
But she, impatient, Silence broke,
And running to him, thus she spoke.

Now

Now for a Tune, my pretty Man !
 Nay, you shall play, say what you can :
 Ladies ! he's the delightful'st Creature
 You ever knew, no Soul plays sweeter :
 Nay, prithee now don't make a Rout,
 Here 'tis Egad, come pull it out.

WHAT mortal Man could stand the Trial !
 He must consent, there's no denial.
 So, for mere quiet sake, he plays,
 While she e'en stifles him with Praise,
 And worries the poor Man to death,
 Nor suffers him to take his breath ;
 But calls for Tune on Tune so fast,
 EUGENIO is quite tir'd at last,
 And begs a Truce upon Parole,
 He'll play anon with all his soul.

20 POEMS on several Occasions.

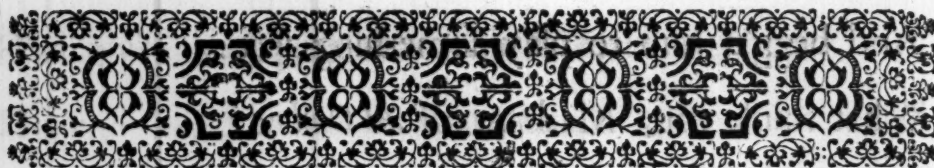
Now you must know BELINDA's Charms
Had giv'n this Spark no small Alarms;
He was her Servant most avow'd,
And happiest of the fighting Croud.
SOPHRONIA, being her near Relation,
Haply laid hold on this Cessation;
And, to EUGENIO drawing near,
She whisper'd softly in his Ear,
Told him BLUNDRELLA's vile Assurance,
And sweet BELINDA's mild Endurance.

EUGENIO instantly was fir'd,
Rage and Revenge his Mind inspir'd:
He re-assum'd his Speech and Flute,
And thus BLUNDRELLA did salute;
Madam, (said he) before I go,
Your dear Commands I'd gladly know.

BLUN.

BLUNDRELLA rear'd her Crest aloft,
 And begg'd him to play something soft:
 What think you, Madam, of *Al Ombra*?
 But that's too old, do ye like *Sgombra*?
Si Caro, if you please, said she:
 He play'd the Tune of *Children three*.
 She was in Raptures, and intreated
 The self same Tune might be repeated.

HE chang'd his Airs, and, to her Shame,
 She took ten others for the same.
 In short, EUGENIO play'd her off,
 And made her all the Circle's Scoff:
 While, stupid she! ascrib'd to Wit and Sense
 The Laughter rais'd by her Impertinence.



THE
S T O R Y
O F
Unfortunate *P H I L L I S*.



*C*OLIN, a gentle Shepherd Swain,
With ev'ry Virtue grac'd,
Upon the fairest of the Plain
His Fond Affection plac'd.

Young PHILLIS, beautiful and gay,
By all admir'd and lov'd,

Had

POEMS on several Occasions. 23

Had stol'n the Shepherd's Heart away ;

But, mark how PHILLIS prov'd!

Deaf and regardless to his Pray'r,

With Scorn she from him flew ;

She was Unkind, as she was Fair,

And False, as he was True.

Poor COLIN, forc'd by her Disdain,

To Desarts wild retir'd ;

Where oft he sigh'd, but sigh'd in vain,

For her whom he admir'd.

Tho' other Nymphs for COLIN pin'd,

PHILLIS his Love despis'd :

And to that Passion was unkind,

Which many would have priz'd.

But

24 POEMS on several Occasions.

But she, who had thus long deny'd

An humble, constant Swain,

PHILLIS, who had, with wond'rous Pride,

Resisted all the Plain.

Was vanquish'd by a Coat of Lace,

And by an Outside won :

By Flaxen Wig, and Brazen Face,

Poor PHILLIS was undone.

It chanc'd a splendid Courtier came

To breath the Rural Air ;

Whose gay Addresles did inflame

The too too easy Fair.

This Courtier, artful to deceive,

So much on PHILLIS gain'd,

All

All he could ask, or she could give,

He easily obtain'd.

But scarce had he the Fair enjoy'd,

And gain'd her tender Heart ;

When, with her fond Embraces cloy'd,

He sily did depart.

PHILLIS thus basely left alone,

By him whom she ador'd,

To ev'ry Eccho made her Moan,

And ev'ry Pow'r implor'd.

But, ah, alas ! too late she found

Her Darling so unkind,

For Love had all their Labours crown'd,

And left a Pledge behind.

26 POEMS on several Occasions.

Of COLIN now she seeks Relief,
And to the Desert flies;
Where he had stol'n to vent his Grief,
And eccho forth his Cries.

But COLIN, grown much wiser now,
Experienc'd by his Smart,
Met PHILLIS with an angry Brow,
And baffled all her Art.

His Love was now to Hatred turn'd,
His Fondness to Disdain;
And she who had his Passion scorn'd,
He scorn'd as much again.

Back to the Groves he did repair,
And there in Wedlock join'd

A Nymph

A Nymph, as faithless PHILLIS Fair,
But much more Chaste and Kind.

Poor PHILLIS far remoter fled,
Her adverse Fate to blame;
Where she conceal'd her guilty Head,
But not her Grief and Shame.





A
S A T Y R
ON THE
LUXURY and EFFEMINACY
OF THE
A G E.

*Capillum frangere, & ad muliebres blanditias vocem Extenuare, mol-
litie corporis certare cum fæminis, & immundissimis se excolere
munditiis; nostrorum adolescentium specimen est.*

Sen. Rhet. Controv. I.



BRITONS! for shame, give all these Follies o'er,
Your antient Native Nobleness restore :
Learn to be Manly, learn to be sincere,
And let the World a BRITON'S Name revere.

Let

Let not my Countrymen become the Sport,
And Ridicule of ev'ry foreign Court;
But let them well of Men and things discern,
Their Virtues follow, not their Vices learn.

WHERE is the Noble Race of BRITISH Youth,
Whose Ornaments were, *Wisdom, Learning, Truth?*

Who, e'er they travel'd, laid a good Foundation
Of Liberal Arts, of Manly Education;
Nor went, as some go now, a Scandal to their Nation.
Who travel only to corrupt the Mind;
Import the Bad, and leave the Good behind.

To Learning, and to Manly Arts estrang'd,
(As if with Women Sexes they'd exchang'd)
They look like Females, dress'd in Boys Attire,
Or *Salmon's* Waxwork Babies, prop'd by Wire:

And

30 POEMS on several Occasions.

And, if a Brace of powder'd Coxcombs meet,
They kiss and stabber in the open Street.
Curse on this damn'd, *Italian* Pathic Mode,
To *Sodom* and to Hell the ready Road !
May they, when next they kiss, together grow,
And never after Separation know.

OUR *Petits Maitres* now are so polite,
They think it ungenteel to Read or Write :
Learning with them is a most heinous Sin,
Whose only study is to Dress, and Grin,
To Visit, to drink Tea, gallant a Fan,
And ev'ry Foolery below a Man.

POWDER'D and Gum'd the Plaister'd Fop appears,
The Monkey's Tail hangs 'twixt the Ass's Ears,
Just Emblem of the empty apish Prig,
Who has more Grin than Grace, less Wit than Wig.

'ST EAD

'STEAD of a Sword, their Persons to secure,
They wear a Bodkin rather, or a Skewer ;
But with a Tossil of prodigious make,
To shew they wear the Weapon for the Top-knot's sake.

SAUCY and pert, abrupt, presumptive, loud,
These Shadows triumph o'er the Vulgar Crowd ;
But let a Man of Sense and Soul appear,
They fly before him like the tim'rous Deer :
For, be they ne'er so healthy or so young,
Their Courage only lies upon their Tongue.

THEY talk not of our Army, or our Fleet,
But of the Warble of CUZZONI sweet,
Of the delicious Pipe of SENESINO,
And of the squalling Trull of HARLEQUINO ;
Who, were she *English*, with united Rage,
Themselves would justly hiss from off the Stage :

With

32 POEMS on several Occasions.

With better Voice, and fifty times her Skill,
Poor ROBINSON is always treated 'ill:
But, such is the good Nature of the Town,
'Tis now the Mode to cry the ENGLISH down.

NAY, there are those as warmly will debate
For the Academy, as for the State;
Nor care they whether Credit rise, or fall,
The Opera with them is all in all.
They'll talk of Tickets rising to a Guinea,
Of Pensions, Dutcheſſes, and BONONCINI;
Of a new Eunuch in BERNARDI's place,
And of CUZZONI's Conquest, or Disgrace.

NOT but I love enchanting Music's Sounds
With Moderation, and in Reason's Bounds;
But would not, for her Syren Charms, reject
All other Bus'ness, with supine Neglect.

When

When Leisure makes it lawful to be gay,
Then tune your Instruments, then sing and play,
Musicians ! I shall give what you deserve,
Yet will not let all other Artists starve :
But ever deal with a more liberal hand
To him, who sings what I can understand.

I HATE this Singing in an unknown Tongue,
It does our Reason and our Senses wrong ;
When Words instruct, and Music cheers the Mind,
Then is the Art of service to Mankind :
But when a Castrate Wretch, of monstrous size !
Squeaks out a Treble, shrill as Infant cries,
I curse the unintelligible Afs,
Who may, for ought I know, be singing Mass.

OR when an *Englishman*, a trimming Rogue,
Confounds his *English* with a foreign Brogue,

34 . POEMS on several Occasions.

Or spoils *Italian* with an *English* Tone,
(Which is of late a mighty Fashion grown).

It throws me out of Patience, makes me sick,

I with the squalling Rascal at old NICK;

Far otherwise it is with honest DICK:

Like CLYTUS he, with Noble *Græcian* Pride,

Throws all unmanly *Persian* Arts aside;

Sings, when he's ask'd, his Singing at an end,

He's then a Boon, facetious, witty Friend.

How much unlike those Fools who sing or play,

Yet for themselves have scarce a Word to say:

Who shall one Moment with their Music please,

The next with stupid Conversation tease?

BUT above all those Men are most my Jest,

Who, like uncleanly Birds, bewray their Nest.

When *Englishmen* implicitly despise

Their own Produce, can *English* Merit rise?

Nip'd

Nip'd in the Bud, nor suffer'd once to blow,
How can it ever to Perfection grow?

YET erst for Arts and Arms we've been renown'd,
Our Heroes and our Bards with Garlands crown'd;
Are we at last so despicable grown,
That Foreigners must reign in Arts alone,
And BRITAIN boast no Genius of its own?

CAN then our *British* Syrens charm no more,
That we import these foreign Minstrels o'er,
At such Expence from the *Italian* Shore?
Are all our *English* Women Ravens grown?
And have they lost their Melody of Tone?
Must Music's Science be alone deny'd
To us, who shine in ev'ry Art beside?
Is then our Language grown a very Joke,
Not fit by human Creatures to be spoke?

36 POEMS on several Occasions.

Are we so barbarous, so unpolite?
We but usurp superior Merit's Right.
Let us to them our Wealth, our Dwellings yield,
To graze with savage Brutes in open Field:
And when we've learn'd to squeak *Italian*, then,
If they so please, we may come home again.

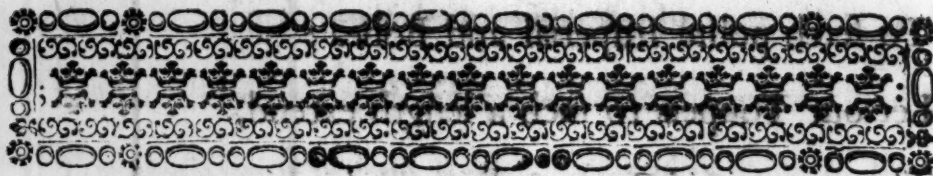
Is Musick then of such importance grown,
All other Knowledge must be overthrown?
Let then the learned Judge resign the Bench
To some fine Singer, some *Italian* Wench:
Let the Divine forget the labour'd Text,
With Tones and Semi-tones to be perplext:
The Merchant too regard his Trade no more,
But learn to sing at sight and write in Score:
Let us forget our ancient barb'rous Speech,
And utter nought but what *Italians* teach:

Let's

POEMS on several Occasions. 37

Let's send our useless Dross beyond the Sea
To fetch polite Imperial and Bohea :
Let our Toupets to such a length extend,
That vanquish'd *France* shall copy, but not mend;
And *Italy* itself be forc'd to say,
We fiddle and we sing as well as they.





THE
Grumbletonians:
OR, THE
DOGS without-Doors.
A
F A B L E.

 W E A L T H Y Farmer in the West,
With Life's Enjoyments amply blest,
A Man esteem'd both far and near,
Who in his House kept --- special Beer!
Twelve Children eke around his Table;
All lusty, lively, brisk and able.

POEMS on several Occasions. 39

HE carried wondrous well his Age,
His Wife was Housewifely and Sage;
They throve, and pick'd up Wealth apace,
And none of them at Church took place.

TWO Mastiff Dogs he kept, to guard
His House, his Poultry, and his Yard:
Whose hungry Paunches well he fill'd,
With Offal from the Meat he kill'd:
All sleek they were, and in good case,
Which shew'd the Plenty of the Place.

BUT in the House they durst not enter,
My Dame her Crock'ry would not venture;
For she had Tea-Table, and China,
And held her Head as high as any:
Her House was kept too nice and neat
For Dogs to traipse with dirty Feet.

40 POEMS on several Occasions.

FULL many Years these Currs were quiet,
Nor grumbled at their Bounds or Diet,
Would bark at Beggar or at Stranger,
And make much Noise at little Danger;
But, to the Comers to and fro,
No Marks of Surliness they'd shew.

A HOUND the Farmer had beside,
A Hound! His Hearts delight and Pride;
Peerless he was of all his Kind,
So fleet! he would out-strip the Wind,
The best that ever follow'd Game;
Frolick he was, and FLY his Name.

CARESS'D and lov'd by ev'ry Soul,
He rang'd the House without Controul;
This made the angry Mastiffs jealous,
FLY should be rais'd above his Fellows.

Keep

POEMS on several Occasions! 41

Keep his Nose warm, and lick the Plates,
While they stood shiv'ring at the Gates.

THEY grudge each Bit that goes beside 'em,
And vow Revenge whate'er betide 'em;
At last, so wond'rous curst they grew,
At Friend and Foe they fiercely flew.

THESE ugly Currs kept such a Rout,
No Mortal durst stir in or out;
To quell their Rage their Master try'd,
But they his Threats and Him defy'd:
Nor would their Fury be abated,
They bark'd the more, the more he rated;
And made such a confounded Din,
For quiet sake he let 'em in:
For why, their Noise disturb'd the Head
Of my good Dame, now sick in bed.

42 POEMS on several Occasions.

No sooner was the Wicket ope,
But both into the Kitchen crope,
Wagging their Tails, all tame and mild,
As harmless Lamb, or sucking Child.

THESE CURRS, who were so fierce before,
Now crouch and wriggle on the Floor;
Fawn at the very Servants Feet,
And tremble, lest they should be beat.

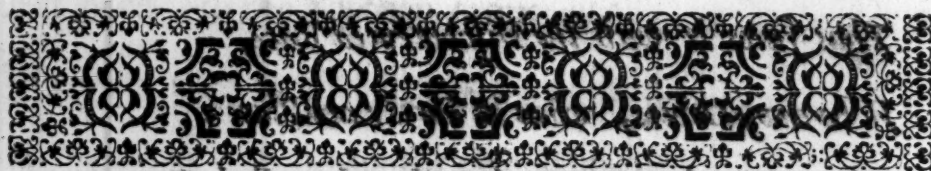
THEY next traverse the Kitchen round,
To see what Prog is to be found;
Where, having fed to heart's desire,
They stretch'd themselves before the Fire;
Content and snug they lay 'till broad daylight,
The House was still, my Dame slept well that Night.

MORAL.

M O R A L.

*Thus fares it with the Discontented Race,
Who envy Others, when in Pow'r and Place;
They Rail, they Write, they Plot, but all the Rout
Is not for who is in, but --- who is out:
Let 'em but have a finger in the Pye,
They change their Tone, and give themselves the Lye.*





THE
Old B E A U:

OR, A

A Full and true Account of a certain
APOTHECARY, that turned Gallant
at Sixty Three.

I.



NOT far from LONDON's wealthy Town,
A Doctor there doth dwell,
Who in the Knowledge of Close-stools,
All others does excel.

II. A

II.

A Man of muckle Might is he,
And wond'rous in his Skill,
To make a Medicine for a Horse,
Or give a Dog a Pill.

III.

What pity 'tis, so wise a Man
Should feeble be and old!
Nay, worse, that he should be in Love!
As I for Truth am told.

IV.

But that so old a Man should love,
Why need we to admire?
For Touch-wood, when 'tis rotten grown,
Is soonest set on fire.

V.

And oft we see the aged Horse,
When he's of Strength bereft,

Tho'

46 POEMS on several Occasions.

Tho' all his Teeth are gone but one,

He has a Colt's Tooth left.

VI.

Thus far'd it with our Doctor dear;

O CUPID, 'twas unkind,

To strike a Dart ar Sixty Three!

But thou wert always blind.

VII.

Oh! had you seen this Man in Love,

You would have laugh'd good Store:

For sure, since ADAM, such a Wight

Was never seen before.

VIII.

With gaudy Garb, o'er wither'd Limbs,

Our Doctor did appear,

Much like an over-grown Baboon,

Dress'd up at *Southwark* Fair.

IX. On

IX.

On Old and Young, both far and near,
His Practice now he tries,
And courts full forty at a Time,
For Twenty won't suffice.

X.

The Ladies all blow up the Fire,
And swell the empty Thing;
They let him prate his Belly full,
For he has lost his Sting.

XI.

Haste, Emp'rick, haste thee to thy Drugs,
Go seek a Med'cine there,
That may extinguish this fierce Flame,
E'er Midsummer draw near.

XII. Give

48 **P O E M S** on several Occasions.

XII.

Give o'er, for shame, 'tis now high time
To think on thy Condition ;
Go, fit thy self for t'other World,
And be thy own Physician.



T H E



THE

Antiquated COQUETTE.



IELLA, why, at Fifty Nine,

Thus gay, thus brisk dost thou appear?

Why do sparkling Diamonds shine

In thy Party-colour'd Hair?

Why art thou seen at Balls and Plays

In gaudy Garments dress'd?

You say whole Crowds upon you gaze,

I grant you---'tis confess'd.

H

The

58 POEMS on several Occasions.

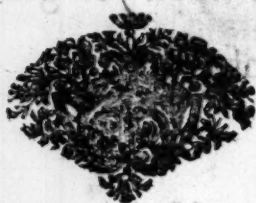
The youthful ridiculing Train,
 With inward Smiles behold
 A Wretch like you so very vain,
 And yet so very old.

Yet thou canst talk of warm Desire,
 And of the Joys of Love,

When thou art ready to expire,
 And ought'st to look Above.

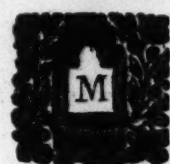
For Shame, VIELLA, cease to ape
 The blooming sprightly Fair!

In Geer of Gauze, and Weed of Crape,
 You'd like your self appear.





THE
Cure of LOVE.



MY Friends could give me no Relief;
No Balm could reach my inward Grief;
Nothing could ease my tortur'd Mind,
Because LUCINDA was unkind.
Oft on a flow'ry Bank I lay,
And weeping spent the tedious Day;
As oft by Silver Streams I stood,
And with my Tears increas'd the Flood.

52 POEMS on several Occasions.

On Cyprus Barks I oft engrav'd
 Her Name, who had my Soul enslav'd,
 And oft, to all the Ecchoes round
 I would repeat the pleasing Sound.

To Food and Rest a Stranger grown,
 My Body wasted to the Bone;
 Thought I---, this cannot long endure,
 It would be best to seek a Cure.

I call'd my Friends, who brought me Wine
 Of sparkling Colour, Taste divine !
 Then, to the Brim, we charg'd our Glasses ;
 And drank Adieu to all Coy Lasses.

Scarce had we pass'd fix Bumpers round,
 When lo! by wond'rous Pow'r, I found

My

P O E M S on several Occasions. 53

My Reason had assum'd its Throne,
And all the Fumes of Love were gone.

Now I, who was so sad of late,
Began to laugh, to sing, and prate ;
My Cheeks, which had been pale before,
A Flush of Ruby Brightness wore.

My Eyes they sparkled with Delight,
My Mind was gay, my Heart was light ;
With Songs of Joy I fill'd the Place,
And Pleasure triumph'd in my Face.

Now could I name the cruel Fair,
Without or Anguish or Despair ;
Could tell her ev'ry Fault aloud,
Nay, call her *Filt*, *Coquette*, and *Proud*.

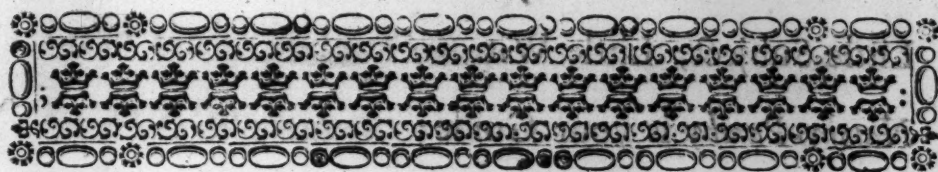
And

54 POEMS on several Occasions.

And now LUCINDA I despise,
Wine, glorious Wine! alone I prize;
Wine! that can all our Grievs remove,
And cure the raging Pain of LOVE.



NAMBY



N A M B Y - P A M B Y :

O R,

A PANEGYRIC on the New Versification.

*Nauty Pauty Jack-a-Dandy
Stole a Piece of Sugar-Candy,
From the Grocer's Shoppy-shop,
And away did hoppy-hop.*



LL ye Poets of the Age!

All ye Witlings of the Stage!

Learn your Jingles to reform!

Crop your Numbers and Conform:

Let your little Verses flow

Gently, Sweetly, Row by Row:

Let

56 POEMS on several Occasions.

Let the Verse the Subject fit ;

Little Subject, Little Wit.

Namby-Pamby is your Guide ;

Albion's Joy, *Hibernia's* Pride.

Namby-Pamby Pilly-piss,

Rhimy pim'd on *Missy-Miss* ;

Tartaretta Tartaree,

From the Navel to the Knee ;

That her Father's *Gracy-Grace*

Might give him a *Placy-Place*.

He no longer writes of *Mammy*

Andromache, and her *Lammy*,

Hanging panging, at the Breast

Of a Matron most distressed.

Now the venal Poet sings

Baby Clouts, and Baby Things ;

Baby Dolls, and Baby Houses,

Little Misses, Little Spouses ;

Little

Little Play-Things, little Toys,
 Little Girls, and little Boys.
 As an Actor does his Part,
 So the Nurses get by Heart
Namby Pamby's Little Rhimes,
 Little Jingle, Little Chimes,
 To repeat to Little Miss,
 Piddling Ponds of Pissy-Piss;
 Cacking-packing like a Lady,
 Or Bye-byeing in the Crady.
Namby Pamby ne'er will die
 While the Nurse sings *Lullabye*.
Namby Pamby's doubly mild,
 Once a Man, and twice a Child;
 To his Hanging-Sleeves restor'd;
 Now he foots it like a Lord;

I Now

58 POEMS on several Occasions.

Now he pumps his little Wits;
Sh---ing Writes and Writing Sh--ts,
All by little tiny Bits.

Now methinks I hear him say,
Boys and Girls come out to Play!
Moon do's shine as bright as Day.

Now my Namby Pamby's found
Sitting on the Friar's Ground,
Picking Silver, Picking Gold,
Namby Pamby's never old.

Bally-Cally they begin,
Namby Pamby still keeps in.

Namby Pamby is no Clown,
London-Bridge is broken down:

Now he courts the gay Ladde,
Dancing o'er the Lady-Lee.

Now he sings of *Lick-spit Lyar*
Burning in the Brimstone Fire;

Lyar

Lyar, Lyar! Lick-spit, lick,
Turn about the Candlestick!
 Now he sings of *Jacky Horner,*
Sitting in the Chimney-Corner;
Eating of a Christmas-Pie,
Putting in his Thumb, Oh, fie!
Putting in, Oh, fie! his Thumb,
Pulling out, Oh, strange! a Plumb.
 Now he plays at *Stee, Staw, Stud,*
Sticking Apples in the Mud:
 When 'tis turn'd to *Stee, Staw, Stire,*
 Then he sticks 'em in the *Mire.*
 Now he acts the *Grenadier,*
 Calling for a *Pot of Beer;*
Where's his Money? He's forgot:
Get him gone, a Drunken Sot.
 Now on *Cock-horse* does he ride;
 And anon on *Timber* stride,

60 POEMS on several Occasions.

See-and-Saw, and Sacch'ry down,

London is a gallant Town!

Now he gathers Riches in,

Thicker, faster, Pin by Pin:

Pins a-piece to see his Show,

Boys and Girls flock Row by Row;

From their Cloaths the Pins they take,

Risque a Whipping for his sake;

From their Frocks the Pins they pull,

To fill *Namby's* Cushion full.

So much Wit at such an Age,

Does a Genius great presage,

Second Childhood gone and past,

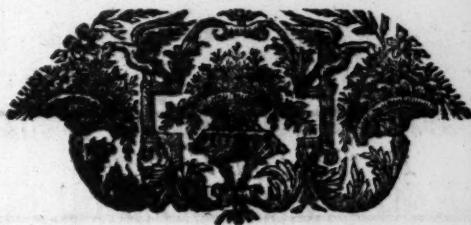
Shou'd he prove a Man at last!

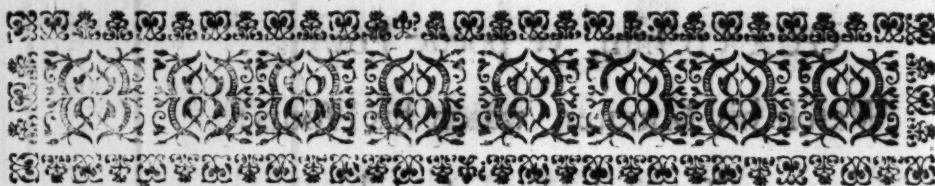
What must second Manhood be,

In a Child so bright as he?

GUARD

GUARD him, ye poetic Powers!
Watch his Minutes, watch his Hours:
Let your Tuneful *Nine* inspire him;
Let poetic Fury fire him:
Let the Poets, one and all,
To his Genius Victims fall.





A

Sorrowful LAMENTATION

For the Loss of a

MAN and no MAN.

In the Simple Stile.



S Musing I rang'd in the Meads all alone,
A beautiful Creature was making her Moan ;
Oh ! the Tears they did trickle so fast from her Eyes,
That she pierc'd both the Air, and my Heart with her
Cries.

I GENTLY requested the Cause of her Moan,
She told me her lov'd SENESINO was flown;
And in that sad Posture she'd ever remain,
Unless the dear Creature would come back again.

WHY, who is this Mortal so cruel, said I,
That draws such a Stream from so lovely an Eye?
He must be a base and a false hearted Man:
This fann'd but her Sorrows, and thus she began:

'Tis neither for Man or for Woman, said she,
That thus in lamenting I water the Lee;
But 'tis for a Singer so charming and sweet,
Whose Musick, alas! I shall never forget.

PERHAPS 'tis some *Linnet* or *Blackbird* said I,
Perhaps 'tis your Sky *Lark* has ta'en to the Sky;

Come

64 POEMS on several Occasions.

Come dry up your Tears, and abandon your Grief;
Another I'll get but I'll give you Relief.

No *Linnet*, no *Blackbird*, no *Sky-Lark*, said she,
But one who is better by far than all Three;
My Dear *SENE-SINO*, for whom thus I Cry,
Is sweeter than all the wing'd Songsters that fly.

PERHAPS, pretty Creature! your *Parrot* is flown;
Your *Monkey*, or *Lap-Dog* occasion your Moan?
To all my Surmises she answer'd me *nob*,
And sob'd out eternally *SE-NE-SI-NOH*!

FOR Heaven's Sake, dear Creature! your Sor-
rows unfold,
To ease you, I'll spare nor for Silver or Gold:
But still she reply'd, ah! alas 'tis in vain,
Nor Silver nor Gold can recall him again.

POEMS on several Occasions. 65

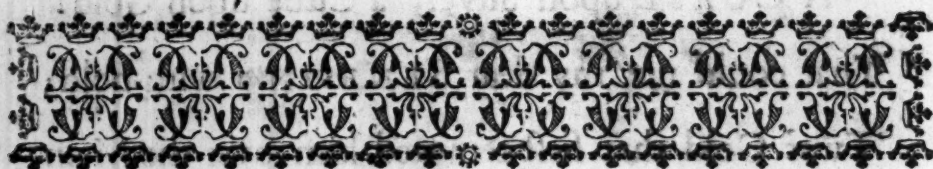
A CURSE upon Silver, a Curse upon Gold!
That could not my dear SENESINO with-hold;
'Twas Gold that first tempted him over the Main,
'Tis Gold has transported him thither again.

ADIEU to FAUSTINA, CUZZONI likewise,
Whom Parties of Courtiers extol to the Skies;
Adieu to the Op'ra, adieu to the Ball!
My Darling is gone; and a Fig for them all.



K

VERSES



V E R S E S

For the Use of the

BELL-MAN of *FULHAM*.

Written after his own Stile.

Being a PRAYER for the KING and
Royal Family.



GOD! preserve his Sacred Majesty,

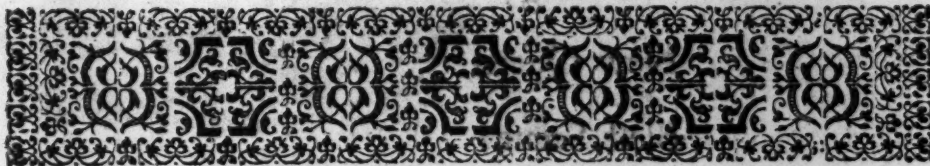
And also Bless the Royal Family:

As for their Enemies, O Lord! down pull 'em;

But Bless my Masters All that live at *Fulham*:

Let every sick Man there become a well Man,

And send them Store of Crop, to Tip the Bell-man.



A

Lilliputian O D E
ON THEIR
MAJESTIES ACCESSION.

 MILE, smile,
Blest Isle!

Grief past,

(At last)

Halcyon

Comes on.

K 2

New

68 POEMS on several Occasions.

New KING,

Bells ring;

New Queen,

Blest Scene!

Britain

Again

Revives,

And thrives.

Fear flies,

Stocks rise;

Wealth flows,

Art grows.

Strange Pack,

Sent back;

Own Folks

Crack Jokes.

Those

POEMS on several Occasions. 69

Those out

May pout;

Those in

Will grin.

GREAT small,

Pleas'd all.

GOD send

No End,

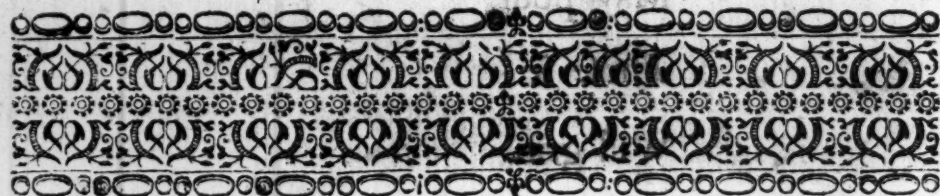
To Line

Divine,

OF *GEORGE* and *CAROLINE*!

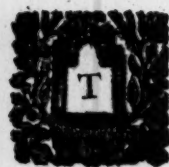


THE



THE
Parish-CLERK'S ADDRESS
ON THE
Same SUBJECT.

In the Stile of HOPKINS and STERNHOLD.



THE Parish Clerks of fair *London*,
(Whose Hall in *Wood-street* stands)
Liege Subjects all, and every one,
Crave Leave to kiss your Hands.

WHEN

WHEN that your Father he was dead,

We did lament full fore:

But, since that you are in his Stead,

Right glad we are therefore.

GOD Bless your noble Majesty,

Your Queen, and Children all!

And send that no Adversity,

May You, or Yours befall.

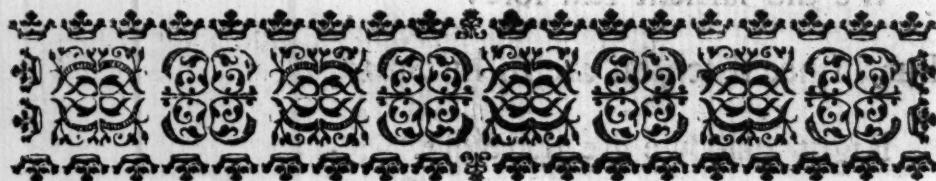
MAY You of Church and Realm take Cure;

Of Clergy eke, and Lay:

And may Your Reign, and Fame endure

For ever, and for Ay.

CALLIOPE



CALLIOPE to her SKY-LARK:

INSCRIB'D TO

Alexander Pope, Esq;



USH! my little tuneful Dear!

Cease to flutter, cease to fear;

Here serenely take thy rest;

In my Bosom build thy Nest.

FULL

FULL secure, and far remote,
From the Raven's croaking Note;
Or the hideous Hoot of Owls,
Or the Din of Midnight Fowls.

THESE have seen with envious Eyes,
Thee, my Charmer! soar the Skies;
And with most reluctant Ears,
Heard thee Warble through the Spheres.

HIGHER Flights, and loftier Lays,
Must of course their Envy raise;
For the sweeter thou dost Sing,
Rancour feels the deeper Sting.

L

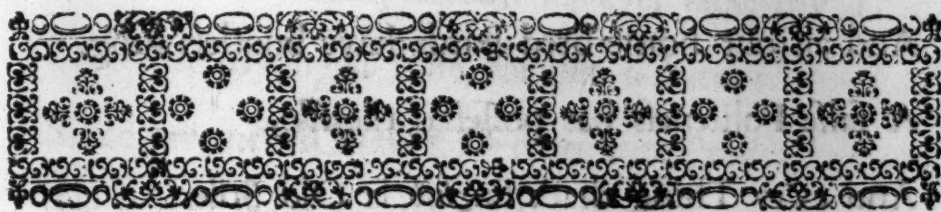
THUS

74 POEMS on several Occasions.

THUS the Damn'd in Shades below,
(Conscious of eternal Woe)
At the Joys of Heaven's blest Train,
Gnash their Teeth, but all in vain.



THE



THE
Poet's Resentment;

OCCASION'D BY

Some Persons doubting the AUTHOR'S
Capacity, and denying him the Credit
of his own Works.



RESIGN thy Pipe! thy wonted Lays forego;
The Muse is now become thy greatest Foe:
With Taunts and Jeers, and most unfriendly Wrongs,
The flouting Rabble pay thee for thy Songs.
Untuneful is our Native Language now;
Nor must the Bays adorn a *British* Brow:

76 POEMS on several Occasions.

The wanton Vulgar scorn their Mother-Tongue,
And all our home-bred Bards have bootless sung.
A false Politeness has possess'd the Isle,
And ev'ry Thing that's *English* is Old Stile.

EV'N Heav'n-born PURCEL now is held in Scorn,
PURCEL! who did a brighter Age adorn.
That Nobleness of Soul, that Martial Fire,
Which did our BRITISH ORPHEUS once inspire
To rouse us all to Arms, is quite forgot;
We aim at something --- but we know not what!
Effeminate in Dress, in Manners grown,
We now despise whatever is our Own,

So Rome, when famous once for Arts and Arms,
(Betray'd by Luxury's enfeebling Charms)
Sunk into Softness, and its Empire lost;
We may be as refin'd, but to our Cost!

THEN

POEMS on several Occasions. 77

THEN break thy Reed, for ever close thy Throat;
Nor dare to sing a Line, or pen a Note:
Since any other Man shall meet with Praise,
For what, from thee, will but Derision raise.
Determin'd to condemn thy ev'ry Deed,
Thy Foes have vow'd, and thou shalt not succeed.

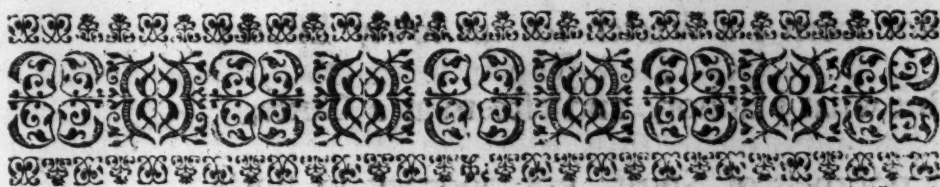
GO, seek Retirement, learn to be obscure;
The Wretch that's least observ'd is most secure:
Dost thou write ill, then all against thee join:
Dost thou write well, they swear 'tis none of thine.
Short liv'd Applause is stifled soon as born,
While Nought subsists but Envy, Censure, Scorn.
The Jest of Coxcombs ev'ry Fool's Disdain;
These, these, are the Rewards of Poet's Pain.
Far, far away, then chase the Harlot Muse,
Nor let her thus thy Noon of Life abuse:

78 POEMS on several Occasions.

Be busy, know no Joy, but solid Pelf;
And wisely care for no Man but thy self:
Mix with the common Croud, unheard, unseen,
And be thy only Aim, the golden Mean:
And if again thou tempt'st the vulgar Praise,
May'st thou be crown'd with Birch instead of Bays.



Harry



Harry Carey's

General Reply, to the Libelling Gentry,
who are angry at his Welfare.

*Quod me Roma legit, rumpitur invidia
Rumpitur invidia, quod sum Jucundus Amicis,
Rumpitur invidia, quod amamur, quodque probamur;
Rumpatur, quisquis rumpitur Invidia.*

MART. LIB. IX.



WITH an honest old Friend, and a merry
old Song,

And a Flask of Old Port, let me sit the
Night long:

And laugh at the Malice of those who repine,

That they must swig Porter, while I can drink Wine.

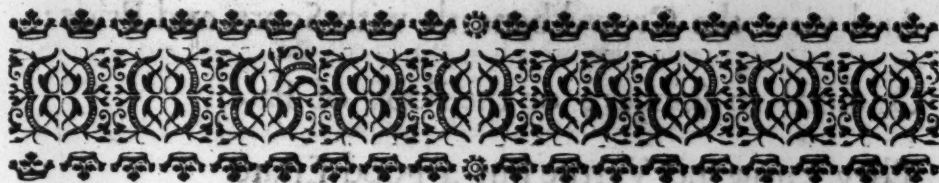
80 POEMS on *several Occasions.*

I ENVY no Mortal tho' ever so great,
Nor scorn I a Wretch for his lowly Estate:
But what I abhor, and esteem as a Curse,
Is poorness of Spirit, not poorness in Purse.

THEN dare to be Generous, Dauntless and Gay,
Let's merrily pass Life's Remainder away:
Upheld by our Friends, we our Foes may despise,
For the more we are envy'd, the higher we rise.



THE



THE
RETIREMENT:
A
SATYR.



DIEU to all the Follies of the Town,
Where Noise and Hurry all Enjoyment drown;
Where Vice o'er Vertue has Pre-eminence;
Where Nonsense gets the upper Hand of Sense;
Where Honesty and Honour are oppress'd;
Where but the Name of Vertue is profess'd,
While Vertue's self is grown a very Jest.

M

THERE

82 POEMS on several Occasions.

THERE Fops in State and Pomp securely ride,
And view the Crowd beneath with Scorn and Pride:
Or born to Riches; or the Fools of Fate,
They know no Vertue but a good Estate.
To them the Wise, and Good must humbly bow,
And meet perhaps a stern and scornful Brow;
While *Panders*, *Knaves*, and *Parasites* more bold,
Fawn at their Feet, and fleece them of their Gold.

THERE all Things borrow'd Shapes and Dresses wear,
And no One's really what he would appear.
Merit is laugh'd at, Modesty despis'd;
The Knave and wealthy Fool alone are priz'd.
Contempt and Pride in every Face is seen,
And Hatred lurks beneath the formal Grin.

THEY'LL wound their dearest Friends in Sport and
Play;
For Reputation is their darling Prey.

Nor can they bear to see another rise,
 But look on Merit with invidious Eyes:
 For be an Action ne'er so just or good,
 'Tis soon Misconstrued, and Misunderstood.
 The fly Objection, and malicious Sneer,
 Can make a worthy Soul a Fiend appear.

AND yet so double are their Tongues and Hearts,
 That while they wound you with their sland'rous Darts,
 If you perchance appear, they seem to fly,
 And meet you in a treach'rous Extacy;
 Embrace you in their false deceitful Arms,
 While ev'n your Faults are now transform'd to Charms.
 You simply take the Flatt'ers for your Friends,
 And wish and study how to make amends:
 But the same Moment, that your Back is turn'd,
 Again you're laugh'd at, and again you're scorn'd.

84 POEMS on severat Occasions.

HERE let me then forget the noisy Town,
My rest of Life with solid Pleasures crown:
Kind Nature here, does Joys untainted yield,
In every Grove, in ev'ry flow'ry Field:
A thousand various Sweets she does present,
To bless the Mind with undisturb'd Content.
In these blest Shades for ever let me stay,
While the soft Moments gently glide away:
No Care, no Tumult shall my Peace molest;
Storms may disturb the World, but not my Rest.





A N

Extempore Thought

O N

F L A T T E R Y.



LATTERY's a base, unmanly, coward
Vice,

A lurking Devil in a fair Disguise.

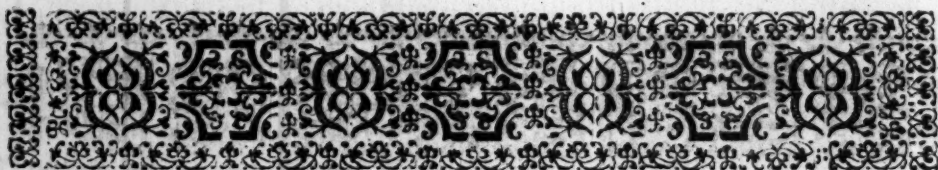
A real Friend will all our Faults reprove,

And mix with outward Anger, inward Love:

But Flatt'ers kill with a more private Blow,

And outward Love for inward Hatred show.

Written.



Written in a GARDEN by Moon-light.



SEE smiling CYNTHIA now begins to rise,
 And with transparent Glories paints the Skies.
 Hail, beauteous Rival of the darksome Night!
 Whose Gloom gives Way to thy superior Light.
 Thy lucid Charms afford a second Day,
 And guide the weary Pilgrim in his Way:
 Thy milder Presence renders open Plains
 Delightful to the Nymphs, and to the Swains;
 Who all the Day in lonely Shades retreat,
 To shun the Fury of Meridian Heat.

THE warbling Lark forsakes its downy Nest,
 And thinks the Day in CYNTHIA'S Smiles exprest;
 Beguil'd

Beguil'd by thee, he chaunts his Morning Song,
 The tuneful Summons of the wakeful Throng.
 All Nature takes th' Alarm; the Fish forsake
 The deep Recesses of the silent Lake,
 And on the Surface of the Floods are seen;
 While wanton Lambkins sport upon the Green:
 The Fairy Elves assemble in a Ring;
 By CYNTHIA'S Silver Light they dance and sing:
 Beneath her gentle Influence sport and play,
 And nothing fear but the returning Day.





P R O L O G U E

T O T H E

R I V A L Q U E E N S :

Or, the Death of

Alexander the Great.

Acted at a Boarding-School, by Young LADIES.



O W Mad are we, in so refin'd an Age,
To ape the Tragic Muse, and tread the Stage!
But, all that for this Folly can be said,
Is, that we act for Pleasure, not for Bread.

We

We, for a while, disclaim our Teacher's Rule,
 And to a *Theatre* transform our School.
 Our Forms and Benches, rang'd commodiously,
 Serve us for Pit, and Box, and Gallery:
 Tap'stry supplies the Place of painted Scenes,
 While we imaginary Kings and Queens,
 Strut in Heroics, dyzen'd in Attire
 Compos'd of Feathers, Spangles, Lace and Wire;
 So, if we chance to fail, some Recreation
 You'll surely find in such a Transformation.
 But, since we've none but Friends assembled here,
 Why should we tremble, what have we to fear?
 If in our Childish Pastimes we should miss,
 You have more Manners, surely, than to hiss:
 For what can you expect from such as we,
 But Virgin Blushes and Simplicity?

N

Consider

90 POEMS on several Occasions.

Consider, we have none our Cause to aid:

Our very ALEXANDER is a Maid.

Then on our Youth some render Pity take,

And spare the Action; for the Actors sake.



PROLOGUE



PROLOGUE

Address'd to the

LADIES.

Intended to be spoken by Little Miss ROBINSON at her Benefit.



O whom can Innocence for Succour sue,
Or hope Protection, Ladies! but from You?
From You, whose Breasts with gen'rous
Pity glow;
Whose Eyes for other's Sorrows kindly flow.

92 POEMS on several Occasions.

What not one Hiss!

[*Looking about.*

No Woman-Hater here:

We have no plaister'd Pates to Night, I fear;

No *Petits Maitres*, who themselves admire,

And rob the Ladies ev'n of their Attire.

O! that I could but have my Will, I'd teach 'um

To make such Splutter about POLLY PEACHUM.

Well---Let 'em take their POLLY, and their Fancy,

So I---dear Ladies! could but be your NANCY,

And this your POLLY:

[*Introducing her Sister.*

Chear the Infant pair,

And bless us with your Smiles, ye *British* Fair!

Sister, with serious Air, and Shape most taper;

[*Mocks her Sister.*

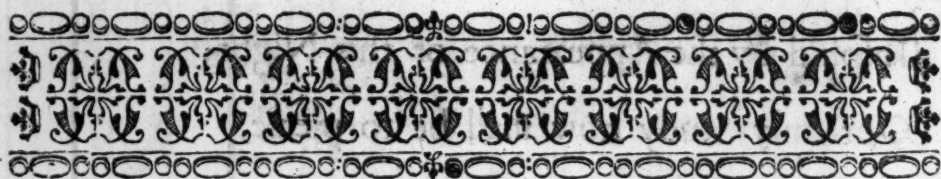
Shall Tread sublime,--while I attempt a Caper.

[*Cuts a Caper, and shews HARLEQUIN Tricks.*

Thus

Thus, diff'rent ways we'll strive to give Delight;
Inspir'd by the Appearance of this Night;
Our only Study now shall be to please,
By you upheld still bright'ning by degrees:
While such a Circle of the Brave and Fair
Adorn our House, and take us to their Care.





EPILOGUE
TO THE
PURITAN,
OR
WIDOW of Watling-Street.

Spoken by Miss YOUNGER, who Play'd the Part of Miss MOLLY.



NABLE in that hateful State to tarry,
I thought 'twas best to chuse a Fool and Marry.
The Pure Ones will, I know, with out-stretch'd Voice,
Arraign my Judgment, and condemn my Choice:

But

But, what could I? I strove with Might and Main
To keep the Tempter from me; but in vain:
The Spirit weaken'd, and the Flesh grew stronger,
So, to be short, I could hold out no longer.

ACCORDINGLY, I took my goodly Spouse,
To be a Moveable about the House,
To pay my Debts, to father what I bear,
And let him say against it if he dare.
O Ladies, Ladies! marry whilst you may;
Consider you grow Older ev'ry Day;
A Husband is a necessary Evil;
But Chalk and Coals, and Oatmeal, are the Devil.

LET no One here Admire, that One so young,
Should to such ripen'd Subjects turn her Tongue;
In Ages past, indeed, 'twould Wonder raise,
But these, you know, are most experienc'd Days.

Now,

96 P O E M S *on several Occasions.*

Now, little Miss (in hanging-Sleeves) knows more
Than formerly her Grandame at threescore;
And Master, who was lately whipt at School,
At bare fifteen, sets up for Rake and Fool:
Runs the whole Race of Vice with full Career,
Is green, and ripe, and rotten in a Year.
And should seven Ages more, by swift Degrees,
Render our Youth Sevenfold more ripe than these,
In Marriage Bands we must our Infants swaddle,
They'll Woo and Wed, before they leave the Cradle.



PROLOGUE



EPILOGUE,

INTENDED FOR

Mr. CIBBER's new PASTORAL,
called, LOVE in a RIDDLE.

To the Tune of SALLY in our Alley.



SINCE Singing's grown so much in Vogue

With this harmonious Nation,

'Tis fit we suit our Epilogue

Unto your darling Passion.

Then from the Courtier to the Cit,

As *France* has done before us,

Let Box, let Gallery and Pit

All bear a Bob in Chorus.

O

And

98 POEMS on several Occasions.

We want, alas! the Voice and Gift

Of charming SENESINI;

Permit us then to make a shift

With Signor CIBBERINI.

What tho' his Lays he cannot raise

To soft CUZZONI's Treble,

Like CHAUCER's Clark our tuneful Spark

Can squeak a sweet Quinible.

To please the Town a thousand Shapes

Like PROTEUS he does Borrow,

A Fop or Clown to day he apes,

A Cardinal to morrow.

Thus human Nature does he trace

Thro' all its various Fashions;

And suits his Action, Voice and Face

To different Parts and Passions.

POEMS on several Occasions. 99

As is the darling Looking-glass
Of Fops the sole Direction,
So of the Gentleman or Afs
A Player's the Reflection.
For as his Character he suits,
In different Lights he shows you
The mighty Odds 'twixt Men and Brutes,
T' instruct and not expose you.

THUS in this Retrospect of Life
You see mankind in little,
'Twixt Worth and Scorn the constant Strife,
And worldly Joys how brittle:
How hateful Vice is, spite of Bags,
Of Grandeur and Oppression,
While Truth and Virtue, tho' in Rags,
Are lovely past Expression.

100 POEMS on several Occasions.

As goes a Bear unto the Stake,
An Actor treads the Stage -- a,
His Spirits sink, his Heart does ake,
For fear of Critick's Rage -- a :
For they are such mischievous Elves,
And so delight in Riot,
They neither will be pleas'd themselves,
Or let Mankind be quiet.

OH yield not up poor COLLEY's Play
To Party Rage and Spite -- a,
Since he endeavours e'ery way
To give the Town Delight -- a :
You sav'd his last from Envy's Blast,
Spare then in pity this -- O,
But one poor Night, in mere despite
Of those who come to hiss -- O.



THE
RAT-TRAP:
OR, THE
Way to catch a POLITICIAN.
AN
EPIGRAM.

Qui capit, ille facit.



WITH Hand on double Heart, and uplift Eyes,
The fly designing Politician cries,
“ For my dear Country’s Good I toil all Day,
“ And wear in tedious Thought the Night away”:
Now, if aright this Man I understand,
’Tis for his own dear Country House, and Land.

CARET’s



C A R E T ' S
W I S H .



YOURS'D be the Wretch that's bought and sold,
And barter Liberty for Gold :
For when Election is not free,
In vain we boast of Liberty :
And, he who sells his single Right,
Would sell his Country ; if he might.

W H E N Liberty is put to Sale
For Wine, for Money, or for Ale,

T H E

P O E M S on several Occasions. 103

The Sellers must be abject Slaves,
The Buyers vile designing Knaves:
A Proverb it has been of old,
The Devil's bought but to be sold.

THIS Maxim, in the Statesman's School
Is always taught, *Divide and Rule.*

All Parties are to him a Joke;
While Zealots foam, he fits the Yoke.

Let Men their reason once resume;
'Tis then the Statesman's turn to fume.

LEARN, learn ye BRITONS to unite,
Leave off the old exploded Bite!
Henceforth let *Whig* and *Tory* cease,
And turn all party Rage to P E A C E :
Rouze, and revive your ancient Glory;
Unite, and drive the World before you.



THE
English PROTESTANT.

Inscribed to JOHN LLOYD, Esq;



AM an *Englishman*, and dare be free;

Tory and *Whig* are both alike to me:

Such Shifts, such dirty work I see in either,

I fully am determin'd to be neither.

That slavish Task I leave to Knaves and Fools,

The Statesman's easy Gulls, or servile Tools;

PAPIST or PROTESTANT, or *Bond* or *Free*;

Those (LLOYD!) are all Distinctions known to me:

The Pattern Thou of what Mankind should be.

THE



T H E

True WOMAN'S MAN.

Inscribed to *GEORGE RIVERS, Esq;*



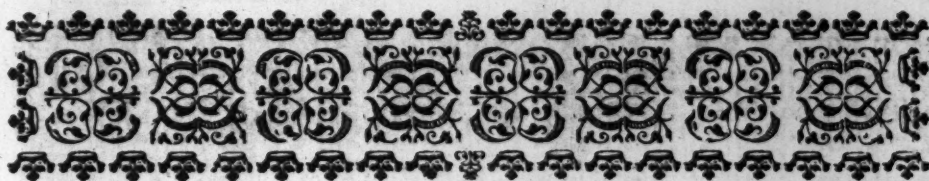
N the opinion of the vulgar Crowd,
No Merit is to Women's Men allow'd
But tat'ling, dandl'ing, loit'ring all the Day;
And trifling Life's most precious Hours away.
Let such as these, when caught in Wedlock's Snare,
Be the Coquette or stern *Virago's* Share:
But to a Girl of Honour, Worth, and Sense,
Let no such Coxcomb dare to make Pretence;

106 POEMS on several Occasions.

Be her's the Gay, the Generous, the Brave,
No surly Tyrant, nor yet hen-peck'd Slave;
But one who will instruct, improve, defend,
A constant Lover, and a faithful Friend.
Who by his Conduct shall acquire such Fame
She shall with Pride and Pleasure wear his Name.
The Ladies now (methinks) the Bard surround,
And cry, *Where is this Jewel to be found?*
I answer, She to whose blest Lot thou'lt fall,
In Thee (my *RIVERS!*) will possess 'em all.

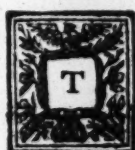


THE



T H E
H A P P Y M A R R I A G E.

Inscribed to NATHANIEL OLDHAM, Esq;



THrice blissful Wedlock, where a beauteous Wife
Kindly contributes to a social Life;
Where Home is made delightful, where each Friend
His Option and Her Conduct must commend.
Such, (OLDHAM!) is thy Choice, thy Partner such,
She can't be prais'd or Thou approv'd too much.

T H E



THE
LAUREL-GROVE;
OR, THE
POET'S TRIBUTE
TO
MUSIC and MERIT.

AND FIRST,

TO Mr. GEORGE-FREDERICK HANDEL.

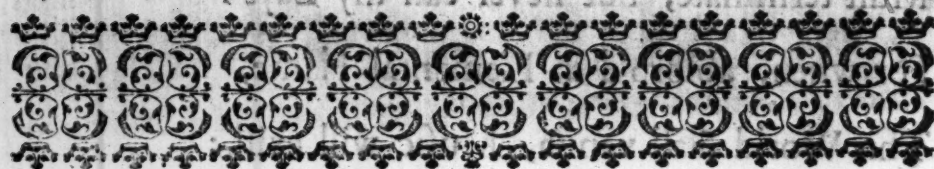


ALL unexhausted Source of Harmony,
Thou glorious Chief of *Phæbus*' tuneful Sons!
In whom the Knowledge of all Magick Number,
Or sound melodious does concentred dwell.

The

The Envy and the Wonder of Mankind
 Must terminate, but never can thy Lays :
 For when, absorb'd in Elemental Flame,
 This World shall vanish, Music will exist :
 Then thy sweet Strains, to native Skies returning,
 Shall breathe in Songs of Seraphims and Angels,
 Commixt and lost in Harmony Eternal,
 That fills all Heaven! -----





TO
Dr. PEPUSCH.



OVERS and *Connoisseurs* of Sound agree

That Music's Art, PEPUSCH! owes much
to thee;

For Thou, a painful Champion in her Cause,
Hast methodiz'd her controverted Laws.

Thy long unwearied Labour and deep Thought
Her Problems have to Demonstration brought:
Whose Rules, unerring, such Conviction give,
That, 'till the Science dies, thy Name must live.



T O

Mr. *G E M I N I A N I*,

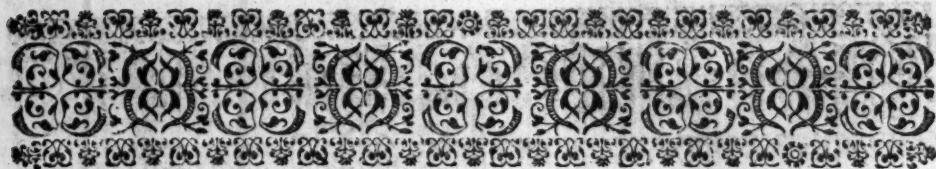
At the *H A G U E*.



G E M I N I A N I! 'tis not Land or Sea
Can bar the grateful Muse from following thee;
Fly where thou wilt, she shall as swift pursue,
And sing the Praises to thy Merit due.
In my mind's Eye, I still enjoy thee here;
Still hold thee in my Heart, and in my Ear.
Proud to adorn his Verse with thy great Name,
Thus thy Disciple builds on thee his Fame.

Q

T O



T O

Mr. *GALLIARD*,

O N

His Setting an Hymn of MILTON'S.



GALLIARD! each Note that flows from thee

Is like thy Self! polite and free.

Thy Genius, generous and gay,

Warms like *July*, and blooms like *May*.

Thou hast new plum'd our MILTON'S Wings,

Who now, not only soars, but sings.

T O



T O

Mr. *THOMAS ROSEINGRAVE*,

ORGANIST of

St. *GEORGE'S* Hanover-Square.

To whose friendly Instructions I am much indebted.



HOUSE *ROSEINGRAVE*! assert thy death-
less Name,

And stand thou in the foremost Rank of Fame!

Since all the Sons of Harmony confess,

Thy solid Fuges thy solid Thoughts express.

Let Finger-mongers deal discordant Noise

To fat Church-wardens, and to 'Prentice Boys ;

Be they the Sunday Idols of the Crowd

Who value nought but what is light and loud :

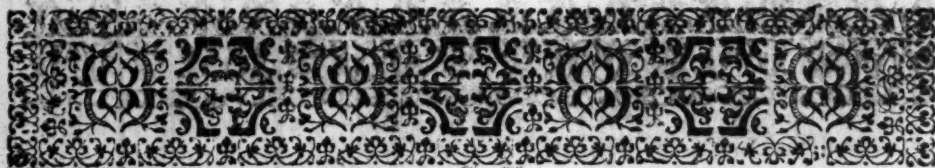
Give me my *ROSEINGRAVE*, my Soul to raise,

Who, with his solemn and judicious Lays,

Adds sacred Fervour to our Pray'r and Praise.

Q 2

T O



T O

Mr. Obadiah Shuttleworth.

Made and spoken Extempore,

On hearing him perform a Solo of CORELLI with
great Propriety.



ENVY of Foreigners! thy Country's Pride,

Whose Soul is Harmony, nor aught beside.

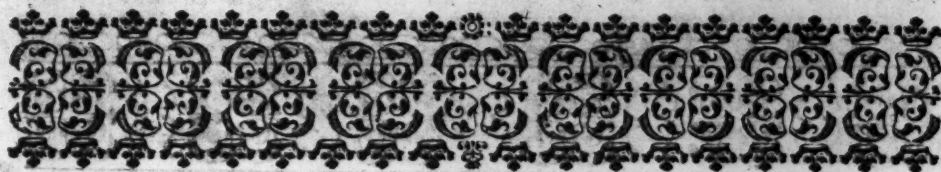
O! could *Corelli* hear thy charming Lays,

He'd hug thee in his Arms, and give thee Praise;

For thou such justice to his Works hast done,

He need not blush to own thee for his Son.

T O



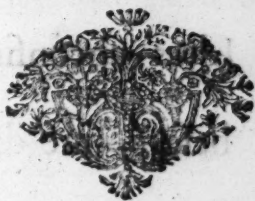
T O

My Studious FRIEND

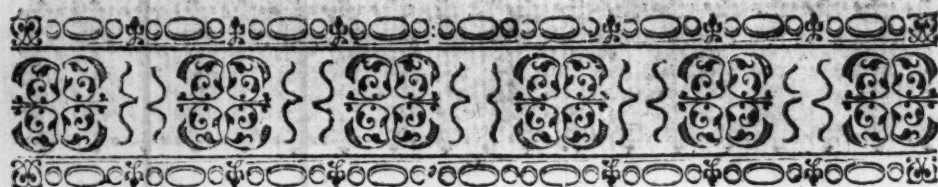
Mr. John - Frederick Lamp.



ALL not my LAMP obscure, because unknown,
He shines in secret (now) to Friends alone;
Light him but up! let him in publick blaze,
He will delight not only but amaze.



T O



T O

Mr. JOHN STANLEY,

The wonderful Blind Youth,

Organist of St. ANDREW'S *Holborn*.



W H Y do mistaken Mortals call thee blind?

Thine Eyes are but inverted to thy Mind;

There thou explor'st Ideas unconfin'd,

Whilst we, who look before, are dark behind.

T O



T O

Mr. *Matthæw Dubourg*

At *DUBLIN.*



O fine a Genius, and so great a Hand,
Nature and Art (DUBOURG!) are at a stand;
On Thee they have bestow'd their richest Store:
Can we expect, or canst thou wish for more?

THE



THE
CYPRESS-GROVE;
OR, THE
P O E T ' S T E A R S
OVER
Departed F R I E N D S.
AND FIRST,

To the Memory of his ever Honour'd Master Mr. *OLAUS WESTEINSON LINNERT*, commonly called *WESTEN*; who gave him his first Notions of Composition.



F Weeping could to Life his Shade restore,
I'd drain my Eyes-springs to recall my Master;
The best of Men, of Friends, and of Musicians!
For such I found him; who, with gen'rous Pity,

When

When, like an Orphan, wand'ring and forlorn,
 My Infant Muse of all implor'd Assistance;
 He only shew'd Compassion to her Cries,
 Fost'ring the Wretch, with a paternal Fondness,
 He made her his adopted darling Charge:
 Rang'd into Order her confus'd Ideas,
 Corrected her Mistakes, by friendly Reasons;
 And taught her ev'n to think. Shall then the Muse
 Leave him unsung, by whose fond Care she Sings?
 Or, vainly, to her self her rise ascribing,
 Suffer his Name to vanish in Oblivion?
 No, as the Labour and the Toil were his,
 Be his the Glory; let the grateful Muse
 Attempt a Name, but for her WESTEIN's sake;
 That when it shall be said, in times succeeding,
 (For like the *Phoenix* does the Poet's Fame
 Rise from his Ashes) that she well has sung,
 He too may be a Partner in the Praise.



To the Memory of
Mr. George Haydon,
A U T H O R

O F

Many Excellent Compositions in Music.



ARDEN! these little Legacies of thine
Glow with the Tincture of a warmth Di-
vine :

The Master shines in all that thou hast done ;
And Envy's self must now thy Merit own.
I lov'd thee living, and thy Shade revere,
What more but silence, and a friendly Tear?

O N



ON THE
D E A T H
O F

Mrs. Elizabeth Farington.



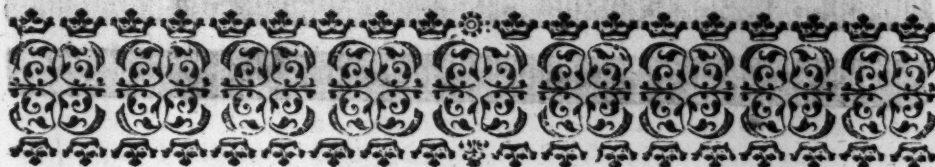
F to observe Religion's strictest Laws,
Merits reward in Heav'n, or Earth's Applause,
ELIZA must be blest'd, her Shade rever'd,
In whom the finish'd Saint so bright appear'd.
In ev'ry Action of her pious Life,
A virtuous, prudent, and a tender Wife:
A Mother most indulgent, and a Friend,
Constant, Sincere, and Gen'rous to the End.

122 POEMS *on several Occasions.*

The careful Mistress of a well rul'd House,
The dear lov'd Wife of an endearing Spouse;
Fond Mother of a numerous, beauteous Line,
Whom all lament, but none can e'er outshine.

[REDACTED]

EPITAPH



E P I T A P H,

INTENDED FOR

Mrs. Susannah Worsdale.

Who died Y O U N G.

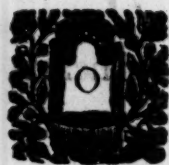


O fair a Face! so exquisite a Mind!

Such Innocence! with so much Beauty join'd,
Heav'n thought too good for Earth; so call'd her hence,
To places fit for so much Excellence.

T H E

THE
DISTRESS'D FATHER;
OR, THE
AUTHOR'S TEARS
OVER HIS
Dear Daughter *RACHEL*.



H! lead me where my Darling lies,
Cold as the Marble Stone;
I will recall her with my Cries,
And wake her with my Moan.

Come

POEMS on several Occasions. 125

Come from thy Bed of Clay, my dear!

See! where thy Father stands;

His Soul he sheds out Tear by Tear,

And wrings his wretched Hands.

But ah! alas! thou canst not rise,

Alas! thou canst not hear,

Or, at thy tender Father's Cries,

Thou surely wouldst appear.

Since then my Love! my Soul's delight!

Thou canst not come to me,

Rather than want thy pleasing sight,

I'll dig my way to thee.

The

*The aforesaid Child, dying on her Father's
Birth-day, occasion'd the following Lines.*



HAT fatal Day which lent my earliest Breath,
Gave my dear Girl to the cold Arms of Death:
Others in Triumph may their Birth-day keep;
Mine calls aloud for Tears, and bids me weep.

T H E



THE
BALLAD
OF
SALLY in our Alley.

The ARGUMENT.

A Vulgar Error having long prevailed among many Persons, who imagine *Sally Salisbury* the Subject of this Ballad, the Author begs leave to undeceive and assure them it has not the least allusion to her, he being a stranger to her very Name at the time this Song was composed. For as Innocence and Virtue were ever the Boundaries of his Muse, so in this

S little

128 POEMS on several Occasions.

little Poem he had no other view than to set forth the Beauty of a chaste and disinterested Passion, even in the lowest Class of human Life. The real Occasion was this: A Shoemaker's 'Prentice making Holiday with his Sweet-heart, treated her with a sight of Bedlam, the Puppet-shews, the Flying-chairs, and all the Elegancies of Moor-fields: From whence proceeding to the Farthing Pye-house, he gave her a Collation of Buns, Cheefecakes, Gammon of Bacon, Stuff'd-beef, and Bottled-ale; through all which Scenes the Author dodged them (charm'd with the Simplicity of their Courtship), from whence he drew this little Sketch of Nature; but being then young and obscure, he was very much ridicul'd by some of his Acquaintance for this Performance; which nevertheless made its way into the polite World, and amply recompenced him by the Applause of the divine *Addison*, who was pleas'd (more than once) to mention it with Approbation.



F all the Girls that are so smart

There's none like pretty SALLY,

She is the Darling of my Heart,

And she lives in our Alley.

There is no Lady in the Land

Is half so sweet as SALLY,

She is the Darling of my Heart,

And she lives in our Alley.

Her

HER Father he makes Cabbage-nets,

And through the Streets does cry 'em ;

Her Mother she sells Laces long,

To such as please to buy 'em :

But sure such Folks could ne'er beget

So sweet a Girl as SALLY !

She is the Darling of my Heart,

And she lives in our Alley.

WHEN she is by I leave my Work,

(I love her so sincerely)

My Master comes like any Turk,

And bangs me most severely ;

But, let him bang his Belly full,

I'll bear it all for SALLY ;

She is the Darling of my Heart,

And she lives in our Alley.

130 POEMS on several Occasions.

OF all the Days that's in the Week,
I dearly love but one Day,
And that's the Day that comes betwixt
A Saturday and Monday;
For then I'm drest, all in my best,
To walk abroad with SALLY;
She is the Darling of my Heart,
And she lives in our Alley.

My Master carries me to Church,
And often am I blamed,
Because I leave him in the lurch,
As soon as Text is named:
I leave the Church in Sermon time,
And sink away to SALLY;
She is the Darling of my Heart,
And she lives in our Alley.

WHEN

POEMS on several Occasions. 131

WHEN Christmas comes about again,

O then I shall have Money;

I'll hoard it up, and Box and all

I'll give it to my Honey :

And, would it were ten thousand Pounds;

I'd give it all to SALLY;

She is the darling of my Heart,

And she lives in our Alley.

My Master and the Neighbours all,

Make game of me and SALLY;

And (but for her) I'd better be

A Slave and row a Galley :

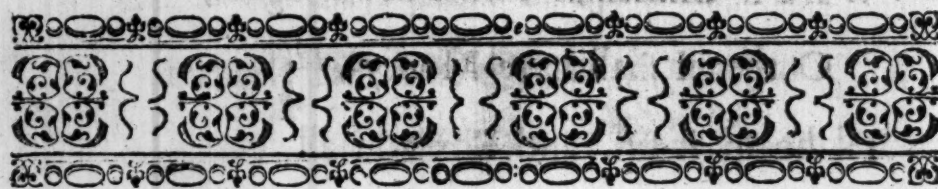
But when my seven long Years are out,

O then I'll marry SALLY!

O then we'll wed and then we'll bed,

But not in our Alley.

THE



A
B A L L A D
ON THE
T I M E S.



MERRY Land! by this Light

We laugh at our own undoing;
And labour with all our might

For Slavery and Ruin.

New Factions we daily raise,

New Maxims we're ever instilling,

And him that to day we praise,

To morrow's a Rogue and Villain.

The

POEMS on several Occasions. 133

THE cunning Politician,
Whose aim is to gull the People,
Begins his Cant of Sedition,
With *Folks have a care of your Steeple!*
The Populace this alarms,
They bluster, they bounce, and they vapour;
The Nation's up in Arms,
And the Devil begins to caper.

THE Statesmen they rail at each other,
And tickle the Mob with their Story;
They make a most horrible Pother,
Of national Int'rest and Glory.
Their Hearts are as bitter as Gall,
Tho' their Tongues they are sweeter than Honey,
They don't care a Fig for us all,
But only to finger our Money.

134 POEMS on several Occasions.

IF my Friend be an honest Lad,
I never ask his Religion;
Distinctions make us all mad,
And ought to be had in derision.
They christen us TORIES and WHIGS,
When the best of 'em both is an Evil;
But we'll be no Party Prigs,
Let such Godfathers go to the Devil.

Too long have they had their Ends,
In setting us one against t'other,
And sowing such Strife among Friends,
That Brother hated Brother.
But we'll for the future be wise,
Grow sociable, honest, and hearty;
We'll all their Arts despise,
And laugh at the Name of a PARTY.



LOVE for LOVE's Sake,

A

S O N N E T.



I'll Range around the shady Bow'rs,
And gather all the sweetest Flowers;
I'll strip the Garden and the Grove,
To make a Garland for my Love.

When, in the Sultry heat of Day,
My thirsty Nymph does panting lay;
I'll hasten to the Rivers Brink,
And drain the Floods but she shall drink.

T

At

136 POEMS on several Occasions.

At Night, to rest her weary Head,
I'll make my Love a Grassy Bed;
And, with green Boughs, I'll form a shade,
That nothing may her Rest invade,

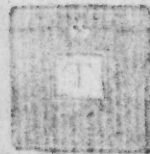
And while dissolv'd in Sleep she lies,
My self shall never close these Eyes;
But Gazing still, with fond Delight,
I'll watch my Charmer all the Night.

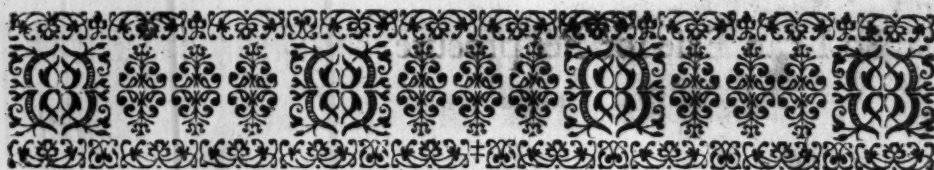
And then as soon as Chearful Day,
Dispels the darksome Shades away;
Forth to the Forest I'll repair,
To seek Provision for my Fair.

Thus will I spend the Day and Night,
Still mixing Labour with Delight,

Regarding nothing I endure,
So I can Ease for her procure.

But if the Nymph whom thus I love,
To her fond Swain should Faithless prove,
I'll seek some dismal distant Shore,
And never think of Woman more.

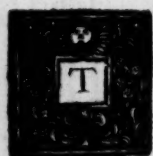




LOVE and JEALOUSY,

A

S O N N E T.

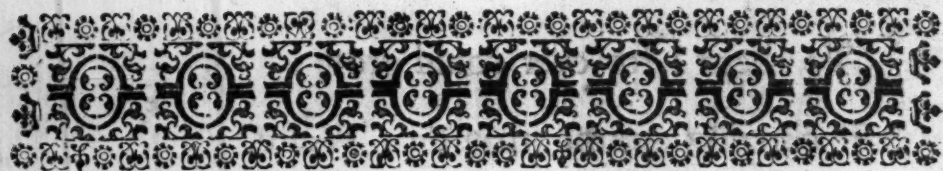


HO' cruel you seem to my Pain,
 And hate me because I am true,
 Yet PHILLIS ! you love a false Swain,
 Who has other Nymphs in his View :
 Enjoyment's a Trifle to him,
 To me what a Heav'n would it be !
 To him but a Woman you seem,
 But ah, you're an Angel to me.

Those

Those Lips, which he touches in haste,
To them I for ever could grow ;
Still clinging around that dear WASTE,
Which he spans as beside him you go.
That Hand, like a Lilly so white,
Which over his Shoulders you lay,
My Bosom could warm it all Night,
My Lips they could press it all day.

Were I like a Monarch to reign,
Were Graces my Subjects to be,
I'd leave them, and fly to the Plain,
To dwell in a Cottage with thee.
But, if I must feel your Disdain,
If Tears cannot Cruelty drown,
Oh let me not live in this Pain !
But give me my Death in a Frown.



THE
INTRIGUE:
A
DIALOGUE.

*To be sung in the Country Wake, by Mr. RAY and
Miss RAFTOR, in the Characters of FRIENDLY
and FLORA.*



MAKE haste! and away, mine only dear!

Make haste! and away, away!

For, all at the Gate, your true Lover does wait;

And (I prithee) make no delay.

Oh

POEMS on several Occasions. 141

Oh! how shall I steal away my Love?

Oh how shall I steal away?

My Daddy is near, and I dare not for fear,

Pray come then another Day.

Oh! this is the only Day, my Life!

Oh! this is the only Day;

I'll draw him aside, while you throw the Gates wide,

And then you may steal away.

Then prithee make no delay, dear Boy!

Then prithee make no delay:

Let's serve him a Trick, for I'll slip in the nick,

And to my true Love away.

CHORUS

CHORUS.

Oh CUPID befriend a loving Pair,

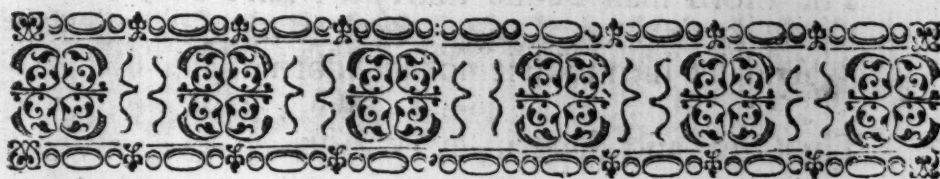
Oh CUPID befriend us, we pray!

May our Stratagem take, for thine own sweet sake!

And Amen! let all true Lovers say.



THE



THE
STAGG at BAY,
A Hunting SONG,
IN
Apollo and Daphne.

Sung by Mr. Ray, in the Character of a Huntsman.



WAY, away! the STAGG's at Bay,
The *Hounds* are waiting for their Prey;
The Huntsman's Call invites ye all,
Come in, come in Boys! while you may.

U

The

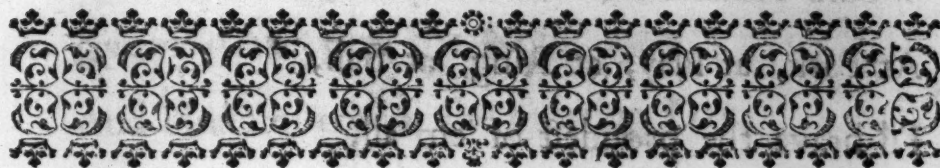
144 POEMS on *several Occasions.*

The Horn shall be the marry'd Man's Fee,
And let him take it not in Scorn;
The Great and Sage in ev'ry Age,
Have not disdain'd to wear the Horn.

The jolly Horn, the Rosy Morn,
The Harmony of deep mouth'd Hounds:
These, these! my Boys, are Heavenly Joys;
A Sportsman's Pleasure knows no Bounds.



THE



THE
Fine LADY's Life;
Or, the THOUGHTS of an
Ambitious Country GIRL,
ON THE
Pleasures of the TOWN.

Sung in the Provok'd Husband by Mrs. CIBBER.



H A T tho' they call me Country Lass,
I read it plainly in my Glass,
That for a Dutchess I might pass;
Oh could I see the Day!

U 2

Would

146 POEMS *on several Occasions.*

Would Fortune but attend my call,
At Park, at Play, at Ring, at Ball,
I'd brave the proudest of 'em all,
With a stand by! --- Clear the way!

Surrounded by a Croud of Beaux,
With smart Toupets, and powder'd Cloaths,
At Rivals I'll turn up my Nose:

Oh could I see the Day!
I'll dart such Glances from these Eyes,
Shall make some Nobleman my Prize,
And then, --- Oh how I'll tyrannize!
With a stand by, --- Clear the way!

Oh then for Grandeur and Delight,
For Equipage, for Diamonds bright,
And Flambeaux, that outshine the Light:

Oh could I see the Day!

Thus

Thus ever easy, ever gay,
Quadrille shall wear the Night away,
And Pleasures crown the growing Day.
With a stand by, -- Clear the way!



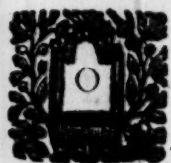
THE



T H E

Romp's S O N G.

Sung by Mrs. CIBBER in the Provok'd Husband.



H! I'll have a Husband, ay marry!
For why should I longer tarry,
Than other brisk Girls have done :

For if I stay
'Till I grow grey,
They'll call me old Maid,
And fusty old Jade ;
So I'll no longer tarry,
But I'll have a Husband, ay marry,
If Money can buy me one.

My

POEMS on several Occasions. 149

My Mother she says I'm too coming,
And still in my Ears she is drumming,
That I am too young to wed:

My Sisters they cry,
Oh fye and Oh fye;

But yet I can see

They're as coming as me,
So let 'em have Husbands in plenty;
I'd rather have twenty times twenty,
Than die a despis'd old Maid.





THE
Tragical STORY
OF THE
MARE.
A
BURLESQUE CANTATA.



UNHAPPY me! what shall I do?
My poor dear Mare has lost her Shoe,
And I've no Money to buy her new :

Some

Some drunken Rascal in the Night
Has torn her Saddle out of Spite;
'Thas ruin'd and undone me quite!

But what does most my Soul assail,
Is, that in fury of his Ale,
The cursed Dog has lopp'd her Tail.

ARIA AFFETTUOSA.

Oh Mare! Oh Mare! well mayst thou grumble,
Thy Shoe is lost, and thou must stumble ☹

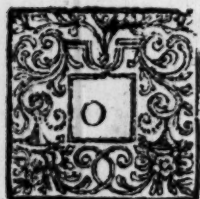
Surely the Fellow's Brains were addle
That cropp'd thy Tail, and tore thy Saddle.

Da. Capo.





POLLY PEACHUM.



F all the Toasts, that *Britain* boasts;
 The Gim, the Gent, the Jolly,
 The Brown, the Fair, the Debonair,
 There's none cry'd up like POLLY;
 She's fir'd the Town, has quite cut down
 The Opera of *Rolli*:
 Go were you will, the Subject still,
 Is pretty, pretty POLLY.

There's *Mádam Faustina*, Catso!
 And eke *Madame Catsoni*;
 Likewise *Signior Senesino*,
 Are *tutti Abbandonni* :

Ha,

POEMS on several Occasions. 152

Ha, ha, ha, ha; *Do, re, mi, fa,*
Are now but Farce and Folly,
We're ravish'd all, with Toll, loll, loll,
And pretty! pretty POLLY.

The Sons of *Bayer*, in Lyric lays,
Sound forth her Fame in Print O!
And, as we pass, in Frame and Glass,
We see her *Mezzo-tint*-O!
In *Ivy-Lane*, the City strain,
Is now no more on DOLLY;
And all the Brights, at *Man's* and *White's*
Of nothing talk, but POLLY.

Ah! *Johnny Gay*! thy lucky Play,
Has made the Criticks grin, a;
They cry 'tis flat, 'tis this, 'tis that,
But let them Laugh that win, a :

153 POEMS on several Occasions.

I swear *Parbleu*, 'tis naif and new,

Ill Nature is but Folly;

'Thas lent a stitch to rent of RICH,

And set up Madam POLLY.

Ah Tuneful Fair! Beware! Beware!

Nor Toy with Star and Garter;

Fine Cloaths may hide a foul Inside,

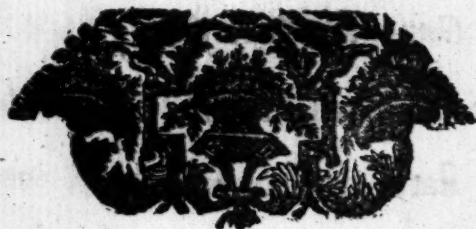
And you may catch a Tartar:

If powder'd Fop, blow up your Shop,

'Twill make you Melancholy;

Then left to rot, you'll die forgot,

Alas! Alas! poor POLLY.



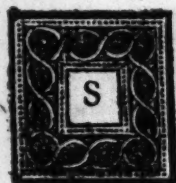
GOOD



Good REASON for LOVING,

A

S O N G.



SAW you the Nymph whom I Adore,

Saw you the Goddess of my Heart?

And can you bid me Love no more,

Or can you think I feel no Smart?

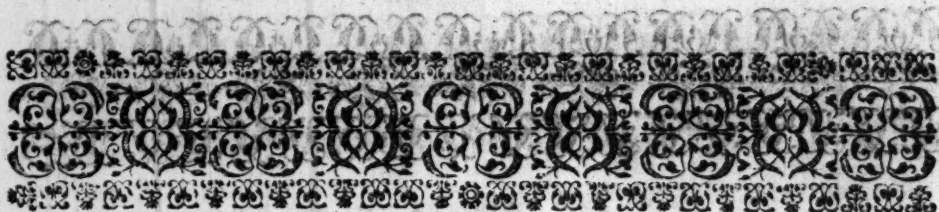
So many Charms around her shine,

Who can the sweet Temptation fly!

Spight of her Scorn, she's so Divine,

That I must Love her, tho' I die.

T H E



THE

Maid's PETITION.



RUEL- Creature! can you leave me,

Can you then ungrateful prove?

Did you Court me, to Deceive me,

And to slight my constant Love?

False ungrateful! thus to Woe me,

Thus to make my Heart a Prize:

First to ruin and undo me,

Then to Scorn and Tyrannize.

Shall

Shall I send to Heav'n my Prayer,

Shall I all my Wrongs relate,

Shall I curse the dear betrayer?

No alas! it is too late:

Cupid! pity my Condition,

Pierce this unrelenting Swain!

Hear a tender Maid's Petition!

And restore my Love again.



LOVE



L O V E
MAKES THE
P O E T.

In several Verses to the most Charming LESBIA.

Upon First Sight of LESBIA.



O many Charms were never sure
For One alone design'd!
The Gods to make you more compleat,
Have robb'd all Womankind.

N. B. *This is set to Musick by Mr. Whicbello.*

THE



THE
ADDRESS.

To the same.

THOU Fairest, most Divine of Human Kind!

Angel in Form, and Goddess in thy Mind,

I've seen you, Charmer! that alone will prove,

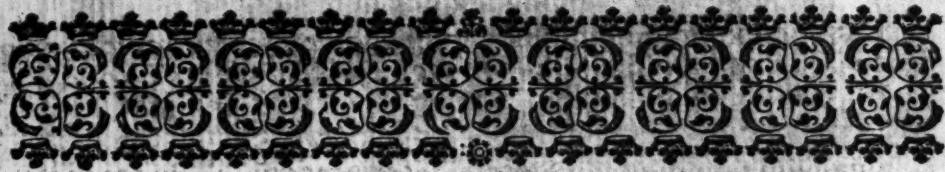
As I have seen, so I of Course must Love.

I own I merit not One so Divine;

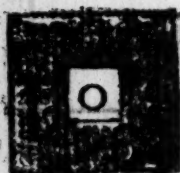
But yet, if Love is Merit, you are mine.

Then to my Fate the last Decision give;

Or frown me into Dust, or smile and bid me Live.



LESBIA's Insensibility.



Observe the num'rous Stars which grace

The fair expanded Skies,

So many Charms has *Lesbia's* Face,

A Thousand more her Eyes.

When e'er the beauteous Maid appears,

We cannot but admire;

But when she speaks, she charms our Ears,

And sets our Souls on Fire.

What

POEMS on several Occasions. 161

What Pity 'tis, a Creature,
By Nature form'd so fair,
Divine in ev'ry Feature,
Should give Mankind Despair?
She gazes all around her,
And gains a Thousand Hearts;
But *Cupid* cannot wound her,
For she has all his Darts,



Y 2

Lesbia's



Lesbia's Cruelty.

HE whom (above my self) I prize,

S Does me (above all Men) despise;

My faithful Passion is so great,

Nothing exceeds it ---- but her Hate.

Ye Gods! must I for ever love?

Must she for ever cruel prove?

Must my Torment, Grief and Pain,

Meet with nothing but Disdain?

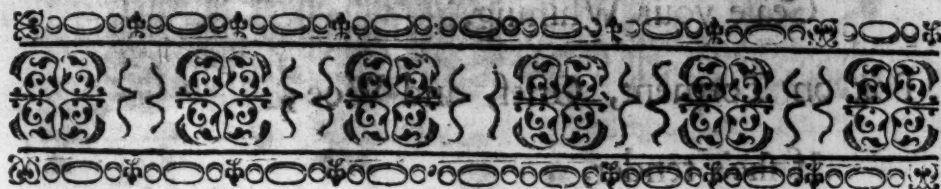
Turn, ah! turn those Eyes on me!

Look with Pity on your Swain,

Either give me Liberty,

Or forbear to give me Pain.

ADVICE



A D V I C E

T O A

FRIEND in Love.



RITHEE BILLY!

Ben't so silly,

Thus to waste thy Days in Grief:

You say, BETTY

Will not let you,

But, can Sorrow give Relief?

Leave

164 POEMS on several Occasions.

Leave repining,

Cease your Whining,

Pox on Torment, Grief, and Woe;

If she's tender,

She'll surrender,

If she's tough, --- e'en let her go.



MORE



MORE

GOOD ADVICE.



WOULD you gain a Woman's Hate?

Be a constant Lover:

Would you Woman's Love create?

Be a faithless Rover.

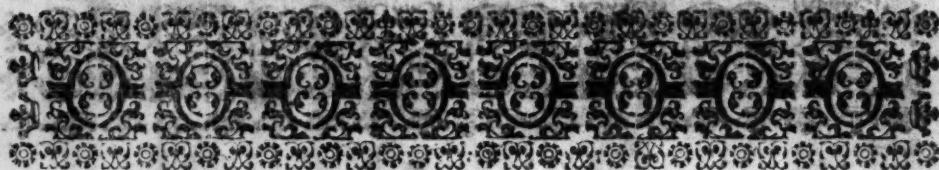
The fond Adorer they despise,

And keep him in subjection;

But he that wooes with Oaths and Lies,

Is sure to gain Affection.

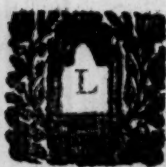
LOVE



LOVE Alamode.

A

SONG.



LOVE's the Fever of the Mind;
'Tis a Grief that none can cure,
'Till the Nymph you love prove kind:
She can give you Ease again,
She can best remove the Pain
Which you for her endure.

Be

POEMS on several Occasions. 167

Be not ever then repining,
Sighing, dying, canting, whining;
Spend not Time in vain pursuing,
If she does not love you, --- make her;
When she loves you, then --- forsake her;
'Tis the Modish Way of wooing.



Z

LOVE's



LOVE's a RIDDLE.

A

S O N G.

Set by Mr. WHICHELO.

THE Flame of Love asswages,
T When once it is reveal'd;
But fiercer still it rages,
The more it is conceal'd.

Consenting makes it colder;
When met, it will retreat :
Repulses make it bolder,
And Dangers make it sweet.

T H E

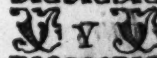


T H E

Lover's Triumph.

A

S O N G.

 E beauteous Nymphs, and jovial Swains !
 Y Who worship *Cytherea's* Shrine,

With joyful Ecchoes fill the Plains;

For now the fair *Olinda's* mine,

Ye chirping Birds ! convey your Notes

Through all the Regions of the Air ;

And stretch your little warbling Throats,

To tell she's Kind as well as Fair.

Love Ecstastick.
A SON G.

Set to Musick by the Author.

W O be gazing on those Charms,
T To be folded in those Arms,
O To unite my Lips to those,
Whence eternal Sweetness flows.

To be Lov'd by One so fair,

Is to be Blest beyond compare!

On that Bosom to recline,
While that Hand is lock'd in mine,
In those Eyes my self to view,
Gazing still, and still on you.

To be Lov'd by One so fair,

Is to be Blest beyond compare.

Injur'd



Injur'd LOVE;
OR THE
M E N A C E.
A S O N G.

Set to Musick by the Author.

False ungrateful Traytor!

To wrong poor *Celia* so,

And leave so sweet a Creature,

To Misery, and Woe.

Think not the Gods forget ye,

They but retard your Fate;

When *Celia* finds their Pity,

Then thou shalt feel their Hate.

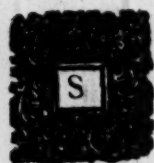
THE



THE
Indifferent Lover.

A
SONG.

Set to Musick by the Author.



HOULD the Nymph I love, disdain me,
And strive to give Despair;
All her Arts shall never pain me,
For I'll seek a kinder Fair.

Some think it mighty Treasure,
A stubborn Heart to gain;
But theirs be all the Pleasure,
For 'tis not worth the Pain.



The Discouragement.

A

S O N G.

Set to Musick by Mr. Obadiah Shuttleworth.



EASE your Addressing,
Your Arts are in Vain;
You sue for a Blessing
You ne'er will Obtain.

The Nymph you'r pursuing
Is fatal as fair;
You Court but your Ruin:
Then STREPHON beware!

A



A

Mad SONG.

Set to Musick by the Author.



GO to the *Elysian* Shade,

Where Sorrow ne'er shall wound me;

Where nothing shall my Rest invade;

But Joy shall still surround me.

I fly from *Celia's* cold Disdain,

From her Disdain I fly;

She is the Cause of all my Pain,

For her alone I die.

Her Eyes are brighter than the Mid-day Sun,

When he but Half his Radiant Course has run;

When

POEMS on several Occasions. 175

When his Meridian Glories gayly shine,
And gild all Nature with a Warmth divine.

See yonder River's flowing Tide,

Which now so full appears,

Those Streams that do so sweetly glide,

Are nothing but my Tears.

There have I wept till I could weep no more,

And curst mine Eyes when they have shed their Store;

Then, like the Clouds that rob the Azure Main,

I've drain'd the Flood to weep it back again.

Pity my Pains,

Ye gentle Swains,

Cover me with Ice and Snow,

I scorch, I burn, I flame, I glow,

Furies tear me,

Quickly bear me

To the dismal Shades below:

A a

Where

176 POEMS on several Occasions.

Where Yelling and Howling,
And Grumbling and Growling,
Strike our Ears with horrid Woe.

Hissing Snakes,

Fiery Lakes,

Were a Pleasure and a Cure;

Not all the Hells,

Where *Pluto* dwells,

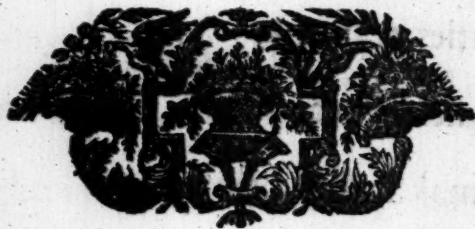
Can give such Pains as I endure.

To some peaceful Plain convey me,

On a Mossy Carpet lay me,

Fan me with Ambrosial Breeze!

Let me die, and so have Ease.



SECOND



SECOND

Mad S O N G.

 O D S! I can never this endure,

 Death alone must be my Cure:

I groan, I sink beneath the Weight

Of CELTA's cruel --- causeless Hate.

Why was she made so fair,

Why are her Eyes so bright?

They kill me with Despair,

And yet attract my Sight.

In her Eyes a thousand Stars

Center their Brightness;

In her Face a thousand Charms

Display their Sweetness.

178 POEMS on several Occasions!

But she is as proud as JUNO's haughty self,
Ah! 'tis a proud, disdainful, --- charming Elf!
Whoe'er becomes a Victim to her Eyes,
She makes his bleeding Heart a Sacrifice.

While on a downy Bed
Of mossy Grass I lay my love-sick Head,
And seek for soft Repose,
Her Angel Form around me flies,
Awakes my Soul, forbids mine Eyes
Their falling Lids to close.
Then to the limpid Stream
With eager haste I fly,
And 'midst the Waters plunge,
With sure intent to die.

When, lo! some Wretch, by evil Gods design'd
To lengthen out the Torments of Mankind,
With curst Friendship drags me thence again,
And makes me live, but to endure more Pain.

But

POEMS on several Occasions. 179

But I have found a way,
That shall her Scorn repay ;
I'll leave this false imaginary Light,
And seek the dismal Shades of Night.
With Goblins and Faries
I'll dance the Canaries,
And Dæmons all round in a Ring ;
With Witches I'll fly
Beneath the cold Sky,
'And with the Screech-Owl will I sing.
My Love, alas! is dead and gone,
She's dead and gone to me:
And now my Senses they are flown,
I have my Liberty.



L T S A N-



LYSANDER;
OR THE
PARTING.

A
CANTATA.

RECIT.



LYSANDER brave and young,
With-held by her whom more than Life he priz'd,
And who for him all other Youths despis'd;
E'er to the Wars he did repair,
Thus addrest the weeping Fair,
With broken Sighs, and falt'ring Tongue.

AIR.

POEMS on several Occasions. 181

A I R.

Who can to War's Alarms.

Fly from those folded Arms?

Yet that must I:

O Cupid! God of Love,

Would'st thou propitious prove,

Here let me die.

R E C I T.

While thus entranc'd he stood,

The Silver Trumpet from afar,

Chides his Delay, and calls to War:

New Vigour fires his Blood,

His Soul is all alarm'd, he starts, he flies,

And to the Trumpet's Call he thus replies.

A I R.

A I R.

Sound, sound to Arms, away, away,
Bellona calls, I must obey.

Yet, 'tis hard Fate, to leave thee so:
But Honour calls, and I must go.



THE



THE
Censorious LOVER.

A
CANTATA.

RECIT.



Right *Teraminta* cross'd the Grove,
Attended by a Virgin Train,
To Wed a Shepherd of the Plain,
Whose Wealth had got the upper Hand of Love:

B b

Her

184 POEMS on several Occasions.

Her Fav'rite Swain, whom most she priz'd,
She past regardless by ;
Who thus forsaken, and despis'd,
Did to her seeming Scorn reply.

A I R.

*For trusting a Creature,
Inconstant by Nature,
I'm rightly rewarded
The more we are Faithful,
The more they're Ungrateful,
The less we're regarded.*

R E C I T.

'Touch'd by Remorse, she left her Train,
And caught him in this railing Strain ;
She turn'd his Torments to a Jest,
While thus the Swain his Joy exprest.

A I R.

POEMS on several Occasions. 185

A I R.

*There is no Measure
To my Pleasure,
When Thou art in my Arms;
To fix Thee here,
I'd Laugh at Fear,
And Triumph in Alarms.*





THE
Happy SWAIN.

A
CANTATA.

RECIT.

 S *Damon* watch'd his harmless Sheep,
Within a silent Shade,
(Lock'd in the Bands of Downy Sleep,)

He saw his Charmer laid,
And thus he Hail'd the Beauteous Maid.

AIR,

POEMS on several Occasions. 187

A I R.

Close not those charming Eyes,

My Life, my only Dear!

'Tis Night till they arise,

'Tis Day when they appear.

R E C I T.

Charm'd with the tuneful Accents of his Voice,

The lovely Virgin rear'd her Head ;

For DAMON's Song makes Sorrow's Self rejoice,

So sweet ! t'would e'en recall the Dead :

Nor was the Nymph Coquet or Coy,

Too well she knew the artless Boy :

With Fervour not to be exprest,

She clasp'd him to her snowy Breast,

Who thus sang forth his Joy.

A I R.

188 POEMS on several Occasions.

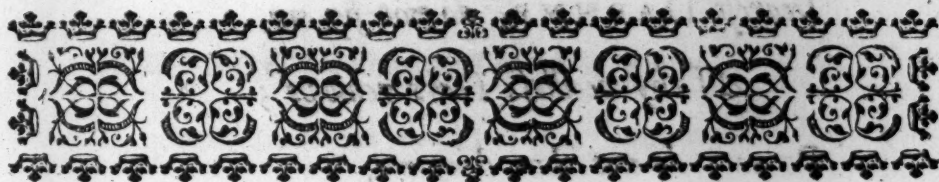
A I R.

*While in her Arms my Charmer holds me,
I think the Queen of Love infolds me:*

*Less lovely Venus is than she:
Adonis far less Blest than me.*



[Apollo]



Apollo and Daphne.

A

CANTATA.

Set to Musick by Mr. WHICHELO.

RECIT.



WILD as Despair, the tim'rous DAPHNE flew
While am'rous PHOEBUS closely did pursue;
But when the GOD had follow'd long in vain,
At last, in soft melodious Strain,
He thus assay'd, the cruel Fair to gain:

AIR.

A I R.

*Dearest DAPHNE, do not fly me,
 All thy needless Fears remove ;
 Do not, do not thus deny me,
 But reward APOLLO's Love.
 When unconstant Men are Woers,
 Virgins may maintain the Field ;
 But when Gods become Pursuers,
 Ev'ry Fair should gladly yield.*

R E C I T.

This said, he rudely seiz'd the trembling Maid,
 Who loudly call'd to Heav'n for Aid ;
 When lo ! (by Pow'r divine) she grew
 A Lawrel, ever blooming, ever new ;
 From whose immortal Trunk these Accents came,
 His frustrate Hopes to mock, his Love to blame.

A I R,

POEMS on several Occasions. 191

A I R.

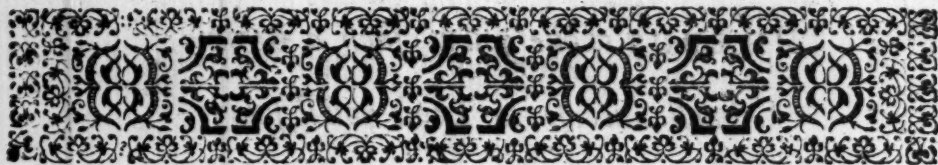
PHÆBUS while you're such a Rover,
Small Success in Love you'll find;
'Till you are grown a constant Lover,
Virgins never will be kind.

Leave this wanton way of Wooing,
Fickle Courtship is but vain;
While you all are thus pursuing,
You perhaps may none obtain.



C c

Ver-



Vertumnus and Pomona.

A

CANTATA.

Set to Musick by the Same.

R E C I T.



Ransform'd in Female Shape (as old and lame)
The God VERTUMNUS to POMONA came;
And, while the Goddess all her Store display'd,
He thus address'd the heav'nly Maid :

A I R:



POEMS on several Occasions. 193

A I R.

Goddeſs, lovely and divine !

Guardian of each fruitful Tree,

A while thy darling Joys decline,

And lend an Ear to Love and me.

Blooming Beauties ſhould be kind,

And take the Bleſſing while they may ;

For Time is ſwift, and Love is blind,

And Paſſion cools when Charms decay.

R E C I T.

While he appear'd thus odious to her Eyes,

The Goddeſs did his Strains deſpiſe :

But, when transform'd by Pow'r divine,

VERTUMNUS did with blooming Graces ſhine,

Thus ſang POMONA, all amaz'd,

While on the youthful God ſhe fondly gaz'd :

C c 2

A I R.

194 POEMS on several Occasions.

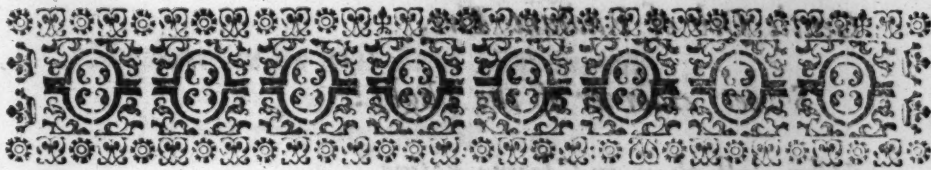
A I R,

Successful happy Charmer,
'Tis you alone can warm her,
Who never lov'd before.

Be blest'd as I can make you,
I never will forsake you,
But love you more and more.



Cynthia



Cynthia and Endymion.

A
CANTATA.

Set to Musick by Mr. GREEN, of St. Paul's.

RECIT.

THE Silver Moon serenely shone,
T And Night appear'd as Day;
But ---- e'er her Course was well begun,
She rudely stole away.

A I R.

196 POEMS on several Occasions.

A I R.

*Gentle Orb of Radiant Fire,
Sweet Adorner of the Night!
Why dost thou in Glooms retire,
And conceal thy Glorious Light?*

*Scorching Phœbus all the Day,
Reigns, with too Tyrannick heat;
But Fair CYNTHIA's milder sway,
Is the Shepherd's sole Retreat.*

R E C I T.

Thus in a Melancholy Glade,
ENDYMION hail'd the Heav'nly Maid;
Whose Beams forsook the Clouds with joyful Pride,
While to the Swain, the Goddess thus replied.

A I R.

POEMS on several Occasions. 197

A I R.

*Shepherd cease this fond Complaining,
Do not thus ungrateful prove!
You 'gainst CYNTHIA are exclaiming,
While for you she burns with Love.*

*Bless this happy, kind Occasion,
Bless your more prevailing Charms,
That (without the least persuasion)
Yield a Goddess to your Arms.*



A. I. A.



Artful SHEPHERDESS.

A

CANTATA.

Set to Musick by the Author.

R E C I T.



HE fair PASTORA

Sat in a shady Grove,

With CORIDON her darling Swain

Prostrate before her;

A thou-

POEMS on several Occasions. 199

A thousand Tales of Love the Shepherd told,
But the resentless Fair,
With Air disdainful,
Thus answer'd all his Protestations :

A I R.

*The Groves, the Plains,
The Nymphs, the Swains,
The Silver Stream, the cooling Shade,
All, all declare
How false you are ;
How many Hearts you have betray'd :
Ungrateful ! go,
Too well I know
Your fatal, false deluding Art ;
To ev'ry she,
(As well as me)
You make an Off'ring of your Heart."*

200 P O E M S on several Occasions.

Slow A I R.

Yes, I will leave you, cruel Maid!

Your dread Command shall be obey'd.

But know, thou charming Tyrant, know,

From you to certain Death I go.

R E C I T.

This said, with Eyes expressing deadly Resolution,

The melancholy Shepherd took his leave.

The artful Shepherdess is at a stand ;

Resolv'd, howe'er, she will not lose him so,

With Looks aluring, and a Syren's Voice,

She kindly thus recalls him :

A I R.

Turn, turn again,

My dearest Swain!

Gentler Usage you shall find.

You have my Heart,

But want the Art

Of truly reading Woman-kind.

T H E



T H E

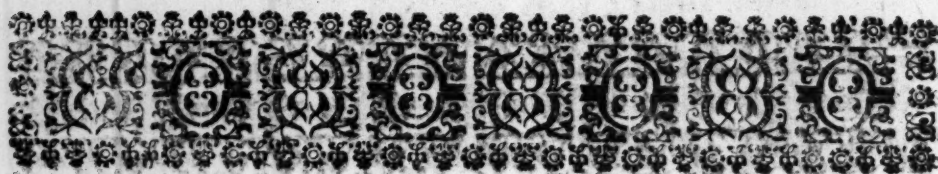
Surly PEASANT.

 E T whimsical Monarchs of State
L Imagine themselves to be great ;

With my Spade in my Hand,
Sole Monarch I stand
Of twenty good Acres of Land.

A fig for your Sir, or your Madam,
Our Origin all is from ADAM ;

Then why should I buckle,
Parlaver or truckle,
To any pragmatICAL Chuckle ?



THE
SPUNGER.



TOBY SWILL.

Has ne'er his fill,

Tho' he drinks from Night to Day;

But soon as e'er

The Reck'ning's call'd,

Then TOBY sneaks away.

TOBY laughs,

And puns and quaffs,

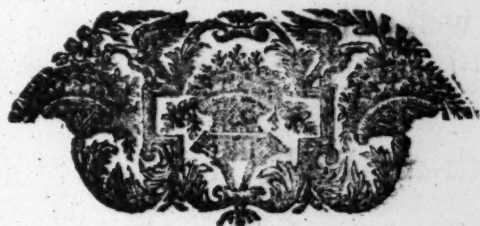
Until a Bill is call'd;

That

POEMS on several Occasions. 203

That strikes him dumb,
He's then hum drum,
And all his Mirth is pall'd.

Pay but his Shot,
'Tis all forgot,
And he again is gay;
He'll stand the Rub
Of a whole Club
To drink and not to pay.



THE



THE
C O N F L I C T
B E T W E E N
L O V E and W I N E.



L O N E by a lonely Willow
Poor D A M O N fighting lay,
The Grass was his only Pillow,
Alack ! and well-a-day.

I came with my Flask,
And I gave him drink ;
Had it been a whole Cask
He'd have drank it I think :

He

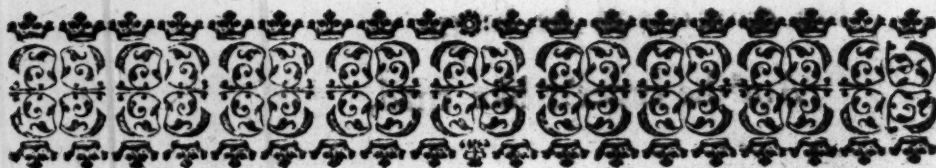
P O E M S on several Occasions. 205

He danc'd and he fung,
And he caper'd like mad,
And swore he'd have more,
If more could be had.

But CELIA, with Charms surrounded,
Came tripping it o'er the Plain,
The Shepherd afresh was wounded,
And all undone again :

He call'd her his Goddess, she call'd him an As;
I ply'd him again with a cherishing Glas;
He laugh'd at her Scorn, and her Pow'r he defy'd,
And vow'd his dear Bottle shou'd alone be his Bride.

T H E



THE
MODERATOR
BETWEEN THE
Free-Masons *and* Gormogons.



THE MASONS and the GORMOGONS
Are laughing at one another ;
While all Mankind are laughing at them ;
Then why do they make such a pother.

They bait their Hook for simple Gulls,
And Truth with Bam they smother ;
But when they've taken in their Culls,
Why then 'tis --- *Welcome Brother !*

THE



THE DISPARITY OF
YOUTH and AGE.



H A T should a merry, airy, lively, youth-
ful, blooming Lads,

Do with a mumbling, bumbling, grum-
bling, stumbling, fumbling As;

Youth and Age but ill agree.

Such a Man's no Match for me :

Coughing, spitting,

Thwarting, twitting,

Ever teasing,

Never pleasing ;

Hang his Money, hang his Bags,

Give me Youth, Content and Rags.

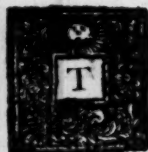
E c

T H E



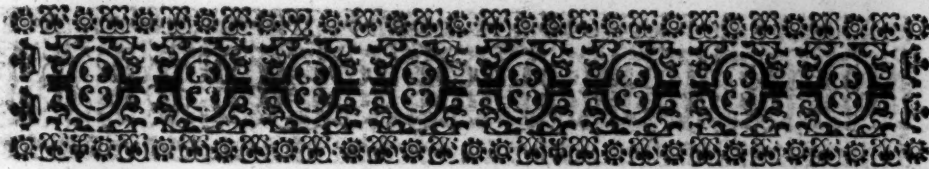
T H E

Power of G O L D.



H E Fair are soonest pierc'd with golden Darts,
 The King of Diamonds is their King of Hearts;
 Where Merit fails there M O N E Y does bewitch,
 For 'tis sufficient Merit to be rich.
 Beauty was purchas'd by Desert of old,
 But now, alas ! 'tis bought with sordid Gold.

T H E



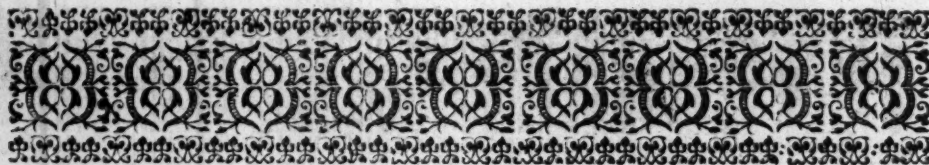
T H E

Fortune -- Hunter's Mental Reservation.

ADAM, your Eyes (*or Diamonds*) shine so bright,
M I'm captivated with the dazzling Sight :
You have ten thousand Charms, (*Pounds I should say*)
Those Eyes (*or Bags*) have stol'n my Heart away.
In pity then some Comfort to me give,
Pay all my Debts, and keep me while I live.

E e 2

T H E



THE
QUEEN of HEARTS.
A
SONG.

Set to Musick by the Author.



Ovely Ruler of my Heart,
Queen of all and ev'ry Part!
Object of my Soul's desire,
For whose Sake I could expire.

Witness! all the Gods above,
That I only live to Love;

That

POEMS on several Occasions. 211

That I love but you alone,
Let me then my Passion own.

QUEEN of my Heart, and Idol of my Soul,
I bleſs the Pow'r that does each Senſe controul;

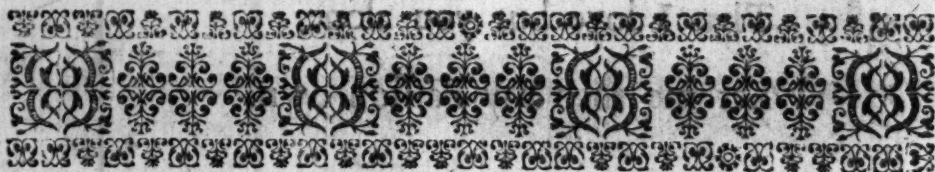
So mild, ſo gentle is your Reign,

I gladly wear the pleaſing Chain;

Such pride I take your Slave to be,

I would not (if I could) be Free.





THE
P R U D E.



THE squeamish Prude
Will say you're rude,

If you speak but a Word amiss;

And yet in the dark,

With her fav'rite Spark,

Most eagerly she'll kiss.

The *Drury* Crew

She'll far out-do,

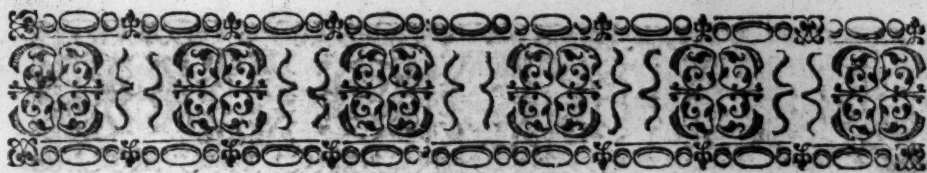
When she throws off Restraint;

Yet in publick so precise

Is this Devil in disguise,

You'd take her for a Saint.

LOVE



L O V E

WITHOUT

A L L A Y.



Azing on my Idol Treasure,

All my Soul is lost in Joy;

She affords Eternal Pleasure,

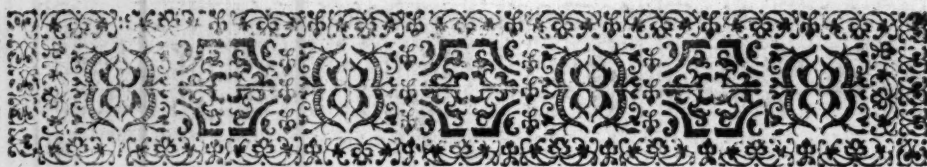
And can never, never cloy.

E'ery Motion, e'ery Feature,

Shines with some peculiar Grace;

Never sure was Human Creature

Blest with such an Angels Face.



A

Drinking SONG.

Set to Musick by the Author.

COME all ye jolly *Bacchanals*,
That love to Tope good Wine,

Let's offer up a Hoghead

Unto our Master's Shrine!

Then let us drink,

And never shrink,

For --- I'll tell you the Reason why,

'Tis a great Sin to leave a House

Till we've drank the Cellar dry.

In

POEMS on several Occasions. 215

In Times of old, I was a Fool,
I drank the Water clear,
But *Bacchus* took me from that Rule,
He thought it too severe :
He fill'd a Goblet to the Brim,
And bad me take a Sup,
But had it been a Gallon Pot,
By *Jove*! I'd toss'd it up.

And ever since that happy Time,
Good Wine has been my Chear;
Now nothing puts me in a Swoon
But Water or Small Beer.

CHORUS.

Then let us Tope about! my Boys,
And never flinch or fly;
But fill our Skins with generous Wine,
And drain the Bottles dry.

F f

A



BACCHANALIAN Rant.

In the Bombast Strain.



BACCHUS must now his Pow'r resign,

I am the only God of Wine:

It is not fit the Wretch should be

In Competition set with me,

Who can drink ten Times more than he.

Make a new World, ye Pow'rs Divine!

Stock'd with nothing else but Wine:

Let

POEMS on several Occasions. 217

Let Wine its only Produce be,
Let Wine be Earth, and Air, and Sea,
And let that Wine be --- ALL for me!

Let other Mortals vainly wear
A tedious Life in Anxious care;
Let the Ambitious toil and think!
Let States and Empires swim or sink,
My sole Ambition is to DRINK.





BACCHANALIAN SCENE.

Supposed to be acted at a Tavern by a Set of True Topers.

In the BROBDIGNAN Measure.

First Toper.



RAY pull the Ribbon, Sir.

Second Toper Rings and calls,

----- Here Drawer!

Enter Drawer.

----- Gentlemen d'ye call?

Third Toper.

We've rang this half hour, bring more Wine, d'ye
mean to parch us all?

Drawer.

Drawer.

Why, Gentlemen, the Wine you seal'd is drank out
ev'ry Flask.

Fourth Toper.

Then down into the Cellar, Boys ! and there let's broach
a Cask :

Thou to each Mouth shalt pierce a Hole, while we kneel
down and suck ;

Oh ! what a Comfort there will be ! of gluck, gluck,
gluck, gluck, gluck.

*Scene changes to the Wine-Cellar : Where they all make a low Rever-
ence to a Hoghead of Claret.*

First Toper.
Lovely Wet-Nurse ! Dear Foster Mother of the tipling
Race !

The Goodness of thy Milk is seen in ev'ry Ruby
Face.

Second Toper.

How many sad and mournful Hearts hast thou reviv'd
and chear'd ?

How many glorious, precious Babes, dear NURSY ! hast
thou rear'd ?

Third Toper.

'Tis time she had a little Ease ; poor Soul ! she is too
full :

The Draughts come in, see how she swells ! come pull
away Boys, pull !

Here

220 POEMS on several Occasions.

They all kneel down and suck.

Fourth Toper.

Oh glorious Milk ! How sweet ! how pure ! Let Sneakers
take their Flask,

I'll never touch a Bottle more while I can suck a
Cask.

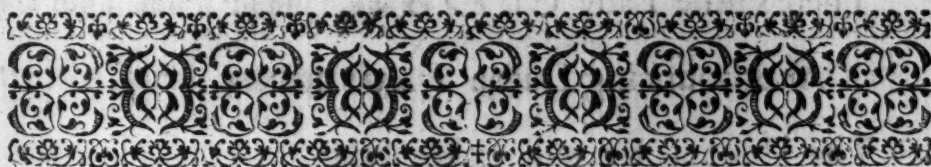
C H O R U S.

O glorious Milk ! how sweet ! how pure ! Let Sneakers
take their Flask,

I'll never touch a Bottle more, while I can suck a Cask.



THE



THE
BEAU MONDE,
OR THE
Pleasures of St. JAMES'S.

A
BALLAD.

To the Tune of, *Oh! LONDON is a fine Town,* &c.



H! St. James's is a lovely Place,
'Tis better than the City ;
For there are Balls and Operas,
And ev'ry Thing that's pretty.

There's

222 POEMS on several Occasions.

There's little Lady CUZZONI,
And bouncing Dame FAUSTINA,
The Duce a Bit will either Sing
Unless they're each a QUEEN -- a.

And when we've ek'd out History,
And made them Rival Queens,
They'll warble sweetly on the Stage,
And scold behind the Scenes:

When having fill'd their Pockets full,
No longer can they stay;
But turn their Backs upon the Town,
And scamper all away.

The Belles and Beaux cry after them,
With all their might and main;
And HEIDEGGER is sent in haste
To fetch 'em back again.

Then

Then Hey! for a Subscription
To th' Opera, or the Ball;
The Silver Ticket wags about
Until there comes a Call.

This puts them into doleful Dumps,
Who were both blith and Gay;
There's nothing spoils Diversion more
Than telling what's to pay.

Oh! there's Miss POLLY PEACHUM Lugs
Our Nobles by the Ears,
'Till P O N D E R W E L L by far Exceeds
The Musick of the Spheres.

When lo! to show the Wisdom Great
Of L O N D O N's famous Town,
We set her up above her self,
And then we take her down.

224 POEMS on several Occasions.

And, there's your Beaux, with powder'd Cloaths,
Bedaub'd from Head to Shin;
Their Pocket-holes adorn'd with Gold,
But not a soule within:

And there's your pretty Gentlemen,
All dress'd in Silk and Sattin;
That get a spice of ev'ry Thing,
Excepting Sense and Latin.

Who brag and bounce till Danger comes,
Oh! then they lag and falter;
And think it better to resign
Than venture to GIBRALTAR.

And there's your Cits that have their Tits
In *Finsbury* so sweet,
But costlier Tits they keep, God wot!
In *Bond* and *Poultney-Street*.

And

P O E M S on several Occasions. 225

And there's your green Nobility,

On Citizens so witty,

Whose Fortune and Gentility,

Arose from L O N D O N's City.

Our Fathers labour'd for our ease,

And left us store of Treasure;

Then, let us make the most of Life,

And lay it out in Pleasure.

We go to Bed when others rise,

And Dine at Candle-light;

There's nothing mends Complexion more,

Than turning Day to Night.

For what is Title, Wealth, or Wit

If Folks are not Genteel?

Or how can they be said to live,

Who know not what's Q U A D R I L L E?



THE
AUTHOR'S *Quietus.*

Address'd to his dear Friend JEMMY WORSDALE.

THIS Itch of Scribling has no End, no Ease,
Damn'd if you fail, and envy'd if you please;
Uncertain Pleasure for most certain Pain:
Well! --- SOLOMON says right, "*All things are vain,*
'Tis better that a Man should eat and drink."
Here! --- Take away this ugly Pen and Ink!
Come, JAMES! --- let's have a Bottle and a Bit,
There's something SOLID in that kind of WIT.

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